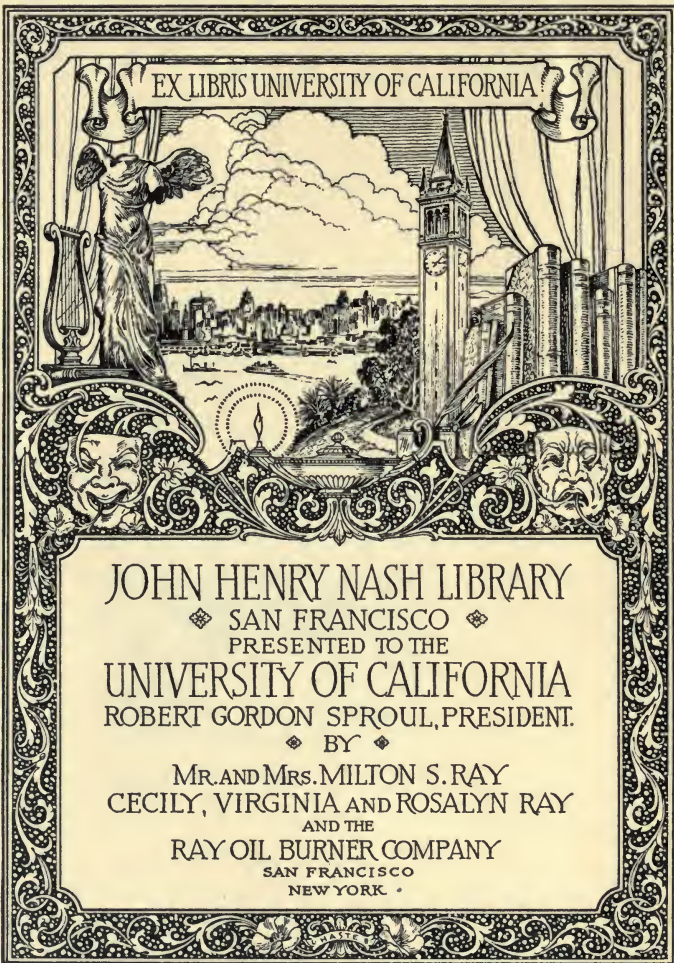


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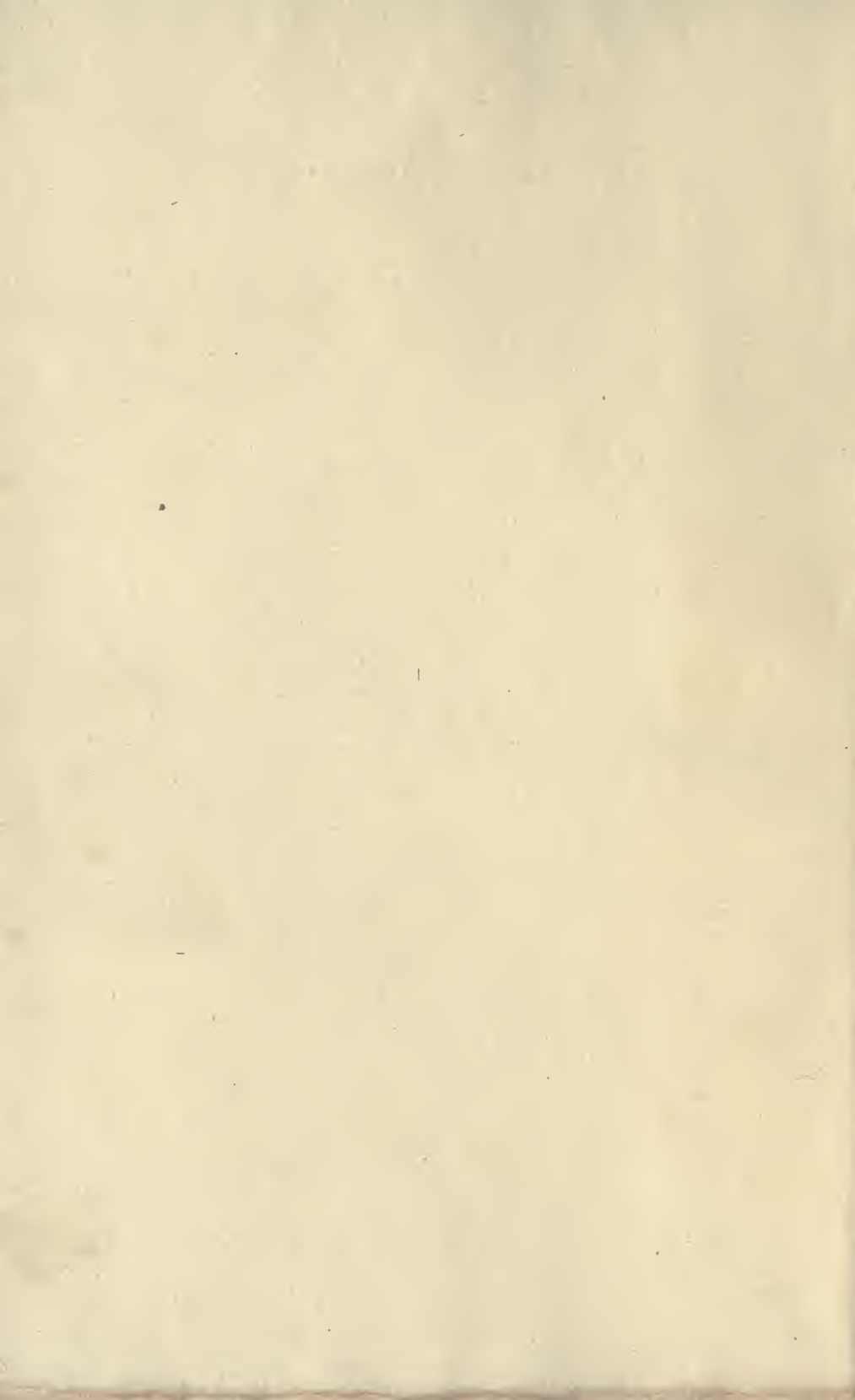


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THE
HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

BY
JOHN B. HENNING



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LETTERS
OF
LIZZIE M^cMILLAN

CAMBRIDGE

Printed at The Riverside Press

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In compliance with the request of friends, the writer has caused an edition of one hundred copies of these letters to be printed for private distribution.

LETTERS

PAQUEBOT POSTE LA BOURGOGNE,
October 26, 1889.

MY DEAR FATHER :

We are nearly across the big water, and when you receive this letter you will know we have arrived safely.

William and Will saw us off. For two days it was very smooth ; then we had a heavy ground swell for four days, and you can imagine my condition. I was dreadfully sick, and so was Mrs. Fisher, but Kate never gave up at all. It is nearly over now, and we expect to sight land in about two hours and to reach Havre at nine o'clock to-morrow morning, where a special train meets us, and we will be in Paris before night.

I cannot write very well here because the boat rolls about so much. How glad I will be to step on solid ground again ! We have very large comfortable staterooms, but we became very tired of them before we could leave them. This afternoon it is almost too cold and too rough to be on deck, and, besides, nearly everybody is busy writing letters to friends. I cannot say much now, but will write a longer letter soon after reaching Paris.

Remember me to my friends in Aylmer, and give love to Charlie and Mary, and accept a great deal for yourself, dear.

Your loving daughter,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

85 RUE DE BOËTIE,

November 14, 1889.

MY DEAR FATHER :

The time has gone so very fast lately that I had no idea how long it was since I had written to you. It was November 3d.

The Exposition closed with grand illuminations of the buildings and grounds and the Eiffel Tower. We did not see it, though, because we all went that night to the other end of the city to see a great actress, Sarah Bernhardt.

I have been at lunch with Edie several times lately, and on Tuesday I went with her by train out to her summer home, ten miles from the city. It is lovely there even yet, and we picked roses, geraniums, marguerites, and various kinds of flowers out in the garden ; they are in my room yet, and are very sweet as well as beautiful.

Her little villa is situated just at the entrance to an old château of the seventeenth century, built by Mansard, and is the first Mansard roof ever built. Now the park all about the château has been sold and converted into a suburban town. It is the most charming spot I ever saw.

Yesterday and to-day we have been making

a tour of the Seine, which runs through Paris. Yesterday we went up as far as the boat goes, and came home after the city was lighted. You can have no idea what a fine sight it was! It seemed as if there were a special illumination, but it was not so. The day was clear and fresh, and we got pretty cold before arriving at our station. The boat stations are quite near the bridges, of which there are perhaps thirty or more, over the Seine; massive stone structures they are, generally, with handsome carved figures of horses and famous men upon them, with occasionally an iron one. The two trips on the river cost our party of three almost fifty cents. Some people might scorn such a cheap excursion, but we are not proud if we are *rich* and *handsome*, and we get a great deal more pleasure out of our way of seeing things than the Queen could in her way.

Yesterday Mrs. Fisher began to take lessons in French, and I begin to-morrow. They tell me my accent is good, and I would make a good speaker with a little trouble. However, I never expect to set the world on fire with my flow of foreign languages.

To-day was fine, quite warm and sunny until about four o'clock, when it suddenly grew gray and chilly. The river below the city is lovely, with fields and trees, gardens and parks, and it is exceedingly pretty, even now when the foliage is almost gone.

I have had two letters from each of my Williams, and expect another to-morrow, and one

from you, too. I hope not to be disappointed. We are so busy all the time with various things that we all find it exceedingly difficult to write letters, and as I have a good many correspondents my spare time is pretty well taken up.

Kate and her mother have gone by appointment to see a music teacher, as Kate is anxious to take a few lessons while here. Madame d'Harmonon, our hostess, has lent us her piano, and soon we will be very gay in our rooms. Kate means to keep the piano in her own room, as mine we use for our sitting-room, and if we had any visitors she could not practice while they were here.

It will not seem long till Christmas, now that we are settled down and at work. I wonder if William will come over in January. I have my doubts, but still he may. We think of going down to Nice in January, any way, and perhaps to Rome and Naples.

Did you hear of Mr. James Turner's death? You remember our visiting them in Hamilton just before you came to Batavia. He was taken ill a few days after we left Hamilton, and died on the day we sailed. Will's first letter gave us the sad news. He was slightly related to Alice through the Fishers. They always called each other "cousin."

Now I must close. With heaps of love to you and all the family,

Your loving daughter,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

85 RUE LA BOËTIE,

December 2, 1889.

MY DEAR FATHER :

It is now over six weeks since we left New York, and not a line from you yet ! It makes me feel very anxious, for, as I have written four letters to you, you must have had some of them. I wrote you last on the 24th. Of course that one has not yet reached you.

Last week we were quite busy. Went to the theatre on Monday night and heard Shakespeare's Hamlet. It was very fine, and we all enjoyed it ever so much. Wednesday evening Edie asked us to dine and gave us a splendid American dinner. Thursday, Thanksgiving Day, Madame d'Harmonon gave her boarders a genuine American dinner, — turkey, cranberry sauce, celery, olives, pumpkin pie, and lots of other things. The pie was good, but not so good as Mary makes. I would like one of hers this minute. Think of coming to Paris to get two Thanksgiving dinners, — for Edie celebrated on Wednesday so that we could have ours at our own house on Thursday. Yesterday we went to the American Chapel in the morning, and a party of eight went in the afternoon to hear Father Hyacinthe. His French was so distinct that even I understood a good deal of his sermon, which was a splendid one. You know he is a Catholic and yet not a Catholic. He has our faith, and uses the Catholic forms, which seems very odd to me. His church is very poor, and the house itself

plain with a primitive simplicity, and he is so earnest and enthusiastic in what he says that often the people cheer him, when he is preaching. We enjoyed it extremely, and I am anxious to go again some time. It is a long way off, and on a wet day would be a very disagreeable trip. Fortunately, yesterday was clear and cold and the walking was good. We had to walk about three quarters of a mile to get the street car which takes one almost to his church.

To-day is real wintry; we would think it a cold day even in Canada. I was down town this morning looking for letters and walked home. It was hard to keep warm even walking fast. I had a letter from William on Friday telling me of the trip he took to Colorado to see the Eddys, and of the blizzards he encountered all the time he was gone. He took a bad cold, of course, but was better when he wrote. Will is getting on well at school; the reports sent home are very good. I had a letter from him on Saturday. His idea now is to leave school and travel in the Holy Land with his family and a private tutor. What do you think of that for Young America?

What terrible fires they have had in Lynn, Boston, and Minneapolis! Were any of the Chutes' relatives burned out in Lynn?

We are going out this evening to a party, if you please. Mrs. Fisher has some Buffalo friends living here just now, and of course I am invited because I happen to be with them. But I am going, all the same. It is not very often I get the

chance of wearing my good clothes here, so am anxious to embrace every opportunity.

Alice and Kate send a great deal of love to you. Give mine to Charlie, Mary, the Chutes and Kingstons, and the girls, Eula and Florence. I hope to hear from them soon. Hoping to hear from you very soon, with much love,

Your affectionate daughter,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

Address Monroe & Co., Paris, France.

85 RUE LA BOËTIE,

January 8, 1890.

MY DEAR FATHER :

Your good letter written on the 23d came to me yesterday. Did you know it was Charlie's birthday when you wrote? I hope you all had a nice time on Christmas, and am now looking forward to your next letter to hear all about it.

A few days ago I sent you a picture of Eiffel Tower showing its height in comparison with our buildings, and also a book with its history. Hope you have received them all right. This week we are having lovely spring weather, mild, sunny, and delightful, with a full moon at night; but we expect to start for Nice some day next week, all the same, and don't be astonished if you hear of us in Egypt, only we do not expect to go there at present.

You are getting very giddy going to the Ladies' Circle. Last Thursday night we all went to the *Circus* and had a very merry time. Two of the

young gentlemen at the house went with us. Saturday evening a gentleman and his wife, French people who are also in the house, asked us to go to the theatre with them. Of course we accepted and had a very nice time. Sunday I went to church all alone. It was fine when I started, but raining when church was out, and I had no umbrella, but did n't mind a little thing like that. My clothes are for wear, more than for show. Monday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Smith went with us to two auction houses and then to an old-clothes market. It was great fun. Yesterday afternoon we went over to the Bon Marché, the largest dry goods store here, covering on the ground twelve thousand square yards. (You can put it into acres yourself.) They have eighty large vans and two hundred horses for delivering goods. At 3.30 every day, any one desiring to do so can go over the whole establishment, which is five stories high. All the employés, male and female, live there, eat, sleep, and work. We saw the shipping offices and departments, the supply stock, the kitchens, storerooms, dining-room, bedrooms, and stables. It was very interesting but very fatiguing. It is a perfect city in itself, and has an army of people, 3600, and all boarded free.

Last night Mr. Smith and Edie spent the evening with us. We discussed our plans for the next few months, and they may manage to join us somewhere in a few weeks. If they could it would be very charming.

I had my last French lesson Saturday, and Kate

is taking her last music lesson this morning, so it begins to look like going away, especially as I began to pack some trunks to leave here at the bankers' while we are traveling. The less baggage we have for some time now the better. This afternoon we are going out to do some errands and may perhaps take a drive in the Bois de Boulogne. If any one had told me that I would be in Paris from the 28th of October to the 7th of January without going to the Park, I would n't have believed it.

Now we must get ready to go out, so with ever so much love to you and the family and love from the Fishers,

Your affectionate daughter,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

FLORENCE, ITALY, February 2, 1890.

MY DEAR FATHER :

Your good letter finished January 13th reached me on the 31st. I fully intended to write you several days ago, but we were traveling and sight-seeing so fast that it was quite impossible. Knowing that we are all safely over the influenza, I hope you will not be worried at the delay.

The next day after writing to you we met an old friend from Boston in the bank, Mr. Mack and his wife, who are just on their way back from Jerusalem, Egypt, Constantinople, and Athens. We were so glad to see them, and only sorry they were not going in our direction. Mrs. Mack said she was quite willing to turn around and go

over the same ground again, and they were so very enthusiastic over Athens and Constantinople that it has made us more determined than ever to go there.

Saturday, 25th, Alice, Kate, and I started in a comfortable carriage with a strong handsome pair of horses, with bells jingling like winter, and a very swell coachman, for the famous ride over the Corniche Road to Mentone and Monte Carlo. The road leads over the mountains and returns by the coast, and is as smooth and even as a floor. It was a splendid day, and our view of mountain ranges, with here and there a ridge of snow-capped ones, was grand, and the sea was blue as the sky. We got to Mentone, fifteen miles, at 1.30, stayed there two hours, had lunch, and took in the lovely town nestled down on the edge of the sea and sheltered by mountains in the background ; then at 3.30 started on the drive back. We stopped at Monte Carlo, the noted gambling resort, only about three quarters of an hour, just long enough to go into the Casino and watch the people at the gaming tables for a little while. We were curious to see what it looked like. There were eight large tables with about twenty persons seated at each, and crowds of people around each table watching the playing and the faces. Money was thrown on in a seemingly reckless manner, and generally raked in by the croupiers, or men who run the tables. It was easy to see how the bank would generally win, when there were thirty-five chances to one for it. Some of the people there

I will remember for a long time. They had such an anxious look, and would flush when they lost and look so excited when they won. It did seem very strange that sensible men and women could indulge in such a foolish and hazardous business. We were soon on the way again and reached home by moonlight, having had a most enjoyable day.

On Monday, 27th, Mr. and Mrs. Mack, Mrs. Fisher and I went up in the balloon, 1200 feet. To be sure it was captive, but after all I have been up in a balloon. It was very pleasant, and we were neither dizzy nor frightened, and such a wonderful view we had of the world below and around us! We were far above the near mountains, and looked away off to the grandest ones I ever expect to see. We were very fortunate in having a perfect day and no wind. At the height of 1200 feet we were perfectly still, and the air was much warmer than on the ground. Kate would not go, feeling timid about it, and did not seem to be at all envious when we dilated upon the great pleasure to be derived from balloon ascensions. It is the same balloon which was in Paris, and I am glad we did not make the ascension there, for at Nice the views were so much finer.

Tuesday morning we left Nice with regret, for it was so lovely there and the climate was delicious. We came to Monte Carlo and spent a day, as we were reluctant to leave the Riviera, as the coast from Cannes to Genoa is called, without seeing the principality of Monaco. This is a

promontory jutting out into the sea, and on it are four towns, Monte Carlo, Monaco, and two others. The Prince of Monaco was married a few weeks ago, and on our way up to see the Castle we met him and his wife in their carriage coming down the hill. We spent the afternoon in seeing the old town and the palace, and the evening at the Casino at Monte Carlo, watching the playing and the crowds of people who come and go all the time. Part of the revenue of the bank is the income of the Prince of Monaco, but his young wife is very much opposed to gambling and is trying to get him to put a stop to it. I hope she will succeed, and admire her for her evident strength of character.

Wednesday A. M. we left for Genoa and were all day running along by the shores of the Mediterranean, in and out of tunnels and enjoying the mountain scenery as well as the groves of oranges, lemons, and olive trees in the more sheltered spots. We spent that night at Genoa, visited several churches, and reached Pisa Thursday evening. There are 166 tunnels between Nice and Pisa. We counted them, so we know it. In Nice we were in the old church where Martin Luther preached in 1510. Friday morning, the 31st, I climbed to the top of the famous leaning Tower of Pisa, 296 steps, and had a magnificent view of the whole valley of the Arno River and many ranges of mountains, some of which were covered with snow. It was a beautiful day. Alice and Kate did not go up all the way because the lean

made them dizzy. We came to Florence that same day, and are nicely settled at the best pension in the city. Had delicious mince pie for lunch to-day. Kate and I went to the cathedral this A. M. to hear the music.

I received twelve letters on arriving here, and have plenty of work ahead to answer them. William is well and so is Will, or were so when they wrote. I must be content now that no news is good news, between letters.

Thanks for your good long letter. Tell Aunt Harriet I always mean what I say, when I say sweet things. If I do not mean them I cannot say them, and I think she is *lovely*.

Love to all ; hope you can read this.

Lovingly,

LIZZIE McM.

Dear Father, I hope it is not too late to congratulate you on having attained your seventy-seventh year. I meant to speak of it in my last letter, and then it slipped my mind till the letter was sealed. Not many men of your age are so strong, vigorous, and upright in every way, and I am justly proud of my dear father.

FLORENCE, ITALY, February 9, 1890.

MY DEAR FATHER :

Your last letter of the 20th reached me on the 3d, making very good time indeed.

This has been a very strange winter everywhere, cold where it is usually warm, and warm where it ought to be cold, and then the ocean has

been so stirred up. We never hear of a comfortable trip across the water now. They have had very rough weather all winter, and the steamers seem to have worse and worse passages all the time. I am real glad William decided not to come over till summer, for he would probably have suffered very much. Poor fellow! he has had "la grippe" too, and said he had a pretty hard time for a day or two. I hope he has quite recovered before now, and am very anxious to get his next letter.

Last Monday Kate and I climbed the cathedral bell tower for the view. There were 428 steps, but the view repaid us amply for the trouble taken. We have visited the two famous picture galleries here, where are so many paintings by Raphael, Titian, Rubens, and many of the great masters of olden times. We enjoyed them very much, and especially when we remembered the hundreds of years which have passed since they were painted, and how beautifully they are preserved. We have seen the inside and principal sights of at least ten churches here. In one are the carved marble tombs of Michael Angelo, Dante, and Galileo, in others are the famous paintings or sculptures of some great man, the ashes of saints, etc., all very interesting. Yesterday we were in the house where Dante was born, and in the monastery where Savonarola lived. We are actually living in an old palace where Pauline Bonaparte lived after her marriage, and just around the corner is the old prison where Savon-

arola and other political prisoners were confined ; and where they were burned is only a few squares from here. We walked over the very spot yesterday. A person needs to be pretty well up in the history of those times to properly appreciate the place. We are on historic ground and shudder to think of the dreadful things which have happened right here in behalf of principle and religion.

Last Wednesday we spent with a countess. I would give her name, only you could not pronounce it if I did, but she is a very nice old lady and has been very kind to us. They say she is over eighty, and she still plays finely on the piano, with much expression and with great ease. Her fingers are as supple as a young girl's, and her mind as clear as a bell. She wants us to come and spend another evening with her before we leave, and perhaps we will.

The influenza has been very bad here but is about over now. The countess told us that one day the bread did not come, and it turned out that all in the bakery had "la grippe" and there was no one to carry the bread around. Did I tell you that our street is only about eight feet wide at its entrance, and about twelve where we are ? We amuse ourselves when out by going through the narrowest streets we can find ; very often they are so narrow that two carriages could not pass, and in looking straight up, the gabled and projecting roofs look very odd and picturesque. I believe a person could easily jump from one roof

across the street to another in many places. To be sure there are plenty of wide, handsome streets in the new town, but I would much rather stay here in the old town. It is so picturesque and quaint and has so many old associations.

I had twenty-three letters last week and wrote twenty. It will soon become necessary for me to have a secretary or a printing-press if this thing keeps on. Think of all those letters written in one week, besides all the sight-seeing we have done, and the average of steps climbed each day is about 500. A person has to work hard to see Europe; there is so much to see that what one actually does is only a drop in the bucket, after all. I am always impressed with the newness of America, after seeing these old churches, castles, and historic buildings which are to be found in every town over here, however small the place may be. A great many Italian towns are perched on the tops of high hills, all in a bunch, and were at first built in that way into walls as a means of defense, and still are used as dwellings, just because they are not destroyed. Houses have a way of lasting, over here; they are built to last, and no one ever hears of one of these massive stone structures tumbling down, as is often the case in our cities at home.

Well, it is nearly lunch time and I feel quite ready for it. We did not go out this morning, and I have written letters ever since breakfast, while Alice and Kate have been reading. I will not throw any stones at your glass house if

you will not throw any at this letter. I am quite ashamed of it, and doubt if you can read it at all.

We all send a great deal of love to you, my dear. Give mine to Charlie and Mary and the friends. Looking forward to your next good letter, as ever, dear father,

Your affectionate daughter,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

ROME, February 23, 1890.

MY DEAR FATHER:

Yours of the 3d reached me on the 20th and we were all glad to hear that your household had escaped "la grippe" up to that time. I am glad to know that Mr. Sowerby is not going to leave you, and that Eula plays so acceptably. I imagine it will be hard work for her to attend to business week days and Sundays too, and fear her health will suffer if she is not very careful of herself. Alice and Kate received your message with much pleasure, and send a great deal of love to you in return. We are actually staying at home this morning, and it seems very pleasant to sit down quietly and write to my friends, instead of rushing off to see something thousands of years old. We have been here eight days, have visited twenty churches, each one having some special attraction of its own in the shape of a fine painting or statue by Raphael, by being the burial place of some saint or great man, by its superb decorations, or by some wonderful story about its origin. Did I tell you that I have been in the

prison where Paul was confined, and into the very dungeon itself?

Last Tuesday we went to one of the Catacombs, forty feet underground, excavated and built as a burial place by the early Christians, and afterwards used by them as a refuge from persecution. There were narrow passages in every direction, with recesses along both sides where the tombs formerly were, but now nothing is left but a heap of bones and dust, which were once living men and women; even marble slabs with the inscriptions are mostly gone to help in the construction of some edifice in later times. We saw several skeletons, looking ghastly in the dim light of our wax tapers. It was a weird sight; the black surroundings, the little procession, each with his or her lighted taper, which looked like little stars twinkling, as we followed the guide as closely as possible, well knowing that it would be no joke to be lost there, and I, for one, was not sorry to see the first faint glimmer of the light of day once more. I had always wanted to see a catacomb, and now my curiosity is satisfied. There are quite a number of others, but I do not care to go to any more when there are so many beautiful and interesting things to see above ground.

We have had superb weather ever since coming to Rome, and this past week has been like early summer, with a sky as blue as only an Italian sky ever is. Wednesday we went by train out to a town called Tivoli, about eighteen miles from Rome. It has about 8000 inhabitants, and they

say is older than Rome itself. The chief attraction there is the beautiful ravine, and several lovely cascades. The scenery is indeed charming. We descended by paths to the bottom of the ravine to see the cascades in every condition and from every point of view, and at the bottom found a large stone grotto of natural formation under which the waterfall rushed with a mighty roar. It was grand. About halfway up we found a sort of natural arbor, and some stone seats placed there for the comfort of visitors, and there we took our lunch, under the blue sky and the shade of some olive trees, quite shut in by the high hills, without any way of egress, to all appearance. Knowing there was no place for luncheon, we had taken it with us, and the guide carried it all, and our wraps for us. Afterwards we drove for about half an hour among ancient gnarled and twisted olive trees of immense size, to Hadrian's villa. This villa of Emperor Hadrian must have been very magnificent in its day, for the ruins are of wonderful length and breadth and show many signs of former splendor in remains of fine marble columns, elaborate and beautiful mosaic floors, etc. We grew very weary before we had explored a quarter of the place, and were glad to get into the ancient vehicle, which might almost have been Hadrian's family carriage, and turn our faces homeward.

Well, Thursday, Kate and I climbed the dome of St. Peter's. Kate went as far as the last railing where one has an outside view of the city and its

surroundings for many miles, and I went on, up into the ball above the dome, where there is room for twelve persons to stand around, or rather to lean against the sides of the ball, for one cannot stand erect up there. The last twenty feet was by means of an iron ladder straight up, and the hole was none too large, even for me. It was a curious sensation one had up there, so far above the world, and I soon had an inclination to reach a more solid foundation, and so was the first one to go down the ladder in true sailor fashion. Alice waited for us in the church, and on coming to the outer air again we concluded to go to the Mosaic Manufactory, which is in the Vatican building. You know the Pope lives in the Vatican, but as there are 11,000 rooms in the buildings, there ought to be plenty of room for him and for a great many other people and things besides. The mosaic pictures are made sometimes of glass and sometimes of different stones, some of them so small that you would wonder how ever they could be made to resemble persons or scenes, and yet the most perfect and beautiful portraits and landscapes are made, which actually seem as if they might last forever. It takes from ten to fifteen years to make a large picture, and must require great patience and skill. That day I climbed 956 steps and was pretty tired at night. Friday I went to the Coliseum and climbed to the top of it. It was built, or rather completed, in 80 A. D., and was the largest theatre in the world, having seating capacity for 87,000 people. It is

a most imposing structure still, in ruins as it is. In 248 Emperor Philip celebrated the 1000th anniversary of the foundation of Rome. It has been a fortress and a saltpetre manufactory, but in the present day is preserved as one of the great wonders of old Rome. It stands as a monument of departed glory.

Yesterday we visited the villa and grounds of one of the old families of Rome. Saw a magnificent museum of statues and frescoes, and picked flowers in the grounds, — violets and wild flowers. These are some of the violets, and I hope the sweet perfume will last till this letter reaches you. We saw the cemetery of the Capuchin Monks yesterday, under the old church of the same name. The place is ornamented with the bones of departed monks, and there are quite a number of skeletons, dressed as they were in life, with wisps of hair still remaining on the chins of some of them, and looking hideous enough. There are the bones of about 4000 departed monks there.

Now I must close. Love to all, and oceans for my dear father.

Your loving daughter,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

ROME, March 1, 1890.

MY DEAR FATHER :

I have not heard from you since the 20th, but will probably have a letter on Monday, as we generally get a mail then. March has commenced as a lion, cold and rainy, but as it is the first rainy

day we have had for a month, we are not inclined to grumble at it. We have had lovely weather ever since leaving Paris, with the exception of one day, and then we were all day on the train and did not mind it at all. Last Sunday evening we were caught in a shower, but it did not last long and did us no harm. Sunday night we had a slight earthquake. Kate and I felt it, as we were in bed, but Alice, who was standing up, knew nothing of it, so you can believe it was not very severe. Monday morning we visited the United States Minister in Rome, to get some passports for Athens and Constantinople, and had a good deal of fun over it, as we had to be described, and when that was done we found that we were quite different looking people from what we had always supposed.

We have seen seven palaces this week, six churches of distinction, from the relics of some saint being there, or some miracle having been performed there, or some other wonderful thing having happened on the spot where the church stands; several picture galleries, and one castle. One morning we spent among the grand and immense ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars, on Palatine Hill, one of the seven hills on which Rome is built, and always occupied by royalty. As each emperor always wanted to tear down as much as he could and build a palace for himself on top of the ruins of his predecessor, there is tier upon tier of massive stone and brick walls, away down under the earth ever so far, and these

ruins all proclaim ancient splendor in the remains of frescoes on the walls, mosaic floors, and pieces of marble pillars, etc. We spent three hours wandering about there, up and down, sometimes almost in the dark, where the paths led us under these great walls, and then on top of the whole mass, to get a grand view of Rome. One day we drove out of the gates to see St. Paul's Church, the handsomest one I ever saw. It has, inside, eighty immense marble and granite columns; the floor is of polished marble in two colors and is like a mirror, and the whole church is covered with beautiful marbles in various colors. They say it is built over the place where St. Paul was beheaded. I wonder if St. Paul would not have been more honored and pleased to have had the enormous sum of money which was expended in building this church used in elevating and succoring the poor and needy!

Yesterday morning we started for the Vatican to see the Sculpture Gallery, and our horse fell down on the way and broke one of the shafts of the carriage, so we had to get out and take another. The street was slippery, and that is a sign, they say, of rain, so to-day we have the rain. In the afternoon we went to the Castle of St. Angelo, which was built by Hadrian as a tomb for himself and his successors. It was afterwards used for a fortress and for a prison. Beatrice Cenci was confined there, and we were in the dungeon where they put her; bare stone walls, dark passages leading to it, and the entrance so

low that we had almost to crawl through it. We have been to several churches this morning, and two picture galleries, and this afternoon are going to return the calls of the United States Minister and Consul General. After that we are going out to afternoon tea with some friends of Alice's from Buffalo, who are here in Rome for the winter. Next Friday we go to Naples, and expect to spend about three weeks in that neighborhood before going to Athens.

William writes that he wants us to go to all these places while we are here, and says he and Will expect to sail on the City of Paris June 18, for Liverpool, where we are to join them for our trip to Norway. You must read up in H. M. Field all about Athens and Constantinople, and then you can follow our wanderings very well.

Give my love to the family and friends; Alice and Kate join me in a great deal of love to you. I am quite anxious for your next letter.

Your loving daughter,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

CASTELLAMARE, ITALY, March 10, 1890.

MY DEAR FATHER :

Your fifteenth letter, dated February 17, reached me here on the 8th and gave me much pleasure. I am glad you like my letters and find them interesting, for sometimes I feel quite ashamed of them, and think you must feel the same. I wrote you on the 5th from Rome;

after that we only saw the Royal Palace, the state apartments, as usual, but they were unusually handsome, and we greatly enjoyed seeing them. That was on Thursday, and afterwards we had a drive on Pincian Hill, the fashionable resort for Romans and strangers on pleasant afternoons. It was a perfect day, the sky as blue as blue could be, without a single cloud, and the sun bright and the air fresh and invigorating. By five o'clock it was cold enough to make us wish to go home and sit by the fire. That evening after dinner we made up a party of six ladies, got two carriages, and went out to see Rome by the light of the full moon. We drove to the Coliseum, which stood up majestically against the sky, with the moon flooding the interior of the immense building with light, and casting dense and mysterious shadows on the massive stone walls. It was much more grand and impressive by night than by day, and the picture will long linger in my memory. There is a beautiful, immense fountain in Rome called Trevi Fountain, of which it is said that a person going there and drinking of its waters, and then casting in a penny, will be sure of seeing Rome again. So we all did as we were told and had a good deal of fun over it. Then we drove past the vast ruins of the Roman Forum, with its marble remains of old temples, consul chambers, etc., which looked not unlike an old graveyard in the moonlight, and last of all to St. Peter's. The air was very bracing, but we were well wrapped up and enjoyed the expedition

immensely. It was ten o'clock when we reached home, and I had still a letter to write, and my bag to pack.

Friday morning, 7th, at 7.45, we left Rome and reached this quaint, dirty old town at four P. M. We passed through Naples, but having made up our minds not to stay there at all, we only remained long enough to change cars. Many people had told us how disagreeable Naples has become to strangers in many ways, so we thought it wise to profit by the experience of others and avoid it. We are not in the town of Castellamare, but above it on the mountain side, where we have fine views in every direction, and are near most of the places we want to see, namely, Vesuvius, Pompeii, Sorrento, and Capri. We have fallen in with some very pleasant English people, and are planning to take a little trip to these places in their company. We will be here till Friday, and expect then to start off by carriage first, which is a delightful way of seeing the country, which is very picturesque. The mountains are covered with snow; even Vesuvius is white. The hillsides are covered with forests, and the lower levels have orange and olive orchards. The garden of our hotel is full of orange trees in full fruit, and the oranges are picked fresh just before lunch and dinner. On our way here we saw armies of men and women *spading* the fields; think of that; and the wheat in some places was six inches high. We were going to Vesuvius to-day, but it

has been a rainy day, so we are quietly staying in the house, reading and writing letters.

There are many English people here, some of them very pleasant indeed. The hotel is well kept and the table excellent. We have soup, fish, beef, chicken, and salad and ice cream always, and many other more dainty dishes, and plenty of vegetables well cooked and seasoned, oranges, apples, nuts, and figs, so there does not seem to be any immediate prospect of our starving. Our letters have followed us promptly, so far, and I hope will never fail to do so. William advises us to go to Sicily as long as we are going to Athens, and perhaps we may. But we will be in this neighborhood until the last of this month.

Alice and Kate are well, and send their love. It seems very refreshing to be able to sit down quietly and not feel that we are neglecting our opportunities. If we were in Rome we would feel that we must go to some palace or church, even if it did rain, but here there is nothing of that kind to do, and our sight-seeing after this, for some time, will be simply using our eyes as we drive over the country.

Am so glad you escaped "la grippe," you and your household. Tell Grace and Nora they must not abuse my dear father, or I will *punish* them well when I get home. Love to Charlie, Mary, and oceans to my dear father.

Your loving daughter,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

LA CAVA, ITALY, March 16, 1890.

MY DEAR FATHER :

Yours of the 24th, I think, reached me safely a few days ago. We were very much interested in it. We have had a great week of sight-seeing, but did not commence on Monday because it was a rainy day. Tuesday morning we drove over to the ruins of Pompeii. It was an ancient city of about 30,000 inhabitants, situated at the foot of Vesuvius, and was totally destroyed by an eruption, in 79, and continued buried until 1748, when the work of excavation was begun. Now, almost the entire city has been unearthed from the masses of ashes and lava which concealed it for nearly 1700 years. Many petrified bodies of men, women, and children, who, in trying to escape, were caught by the storm of fire, are preserved in the museum, and all sorts of utensils, statues, and even bread and eggs are to be seen in the museum in Naples. The streets were only wide enough for one vehicle, and the ancient ruts and stepping stones are quite perfect. The people of Pompeii were very fond of mosaic floors and frescoed walls, and a good many are still to be seen in a very good state of preservation. Many of the more perfect ones have been removed to Naples, for exhibition in the museum. One might well call Pompeii the City of the Dead, and it has rather a depressing effect on the spirits to wander among those tangible remnants of former grandeur. We had a delightful day for the trip, as it was neither too warm nor

too cold, and the sea, sky, and mountains were beautiful in the bright sunlight.

Wednesday, Kate and I went to Vesuvius. It was three and a half hours by carriage, but I have not been able to find out the distance in miles, from Castellamare. They reckon mostly by hours, here. We had a cute little carriage, a good driver, and a pair of very lively mountain ponies, which flew over the ground in fine style. The last mile and a half was up the mountain, and was very interesting, as the whole side of the mountain was covered with immense lava beds, probably just as they rolled out of the crater at the destruction of Pompeii. Such coiled and twisted masses, reminding one of writhing serpents, and quite black! There was still some snow in the hollows and shady spots, some of it more than a foot deep, and to have snow in this region at all is quite unusual, and on Vesuvius quite wonderful. We finally reached the station of the inclined plane railroad leading to the top. The car is open at the sides and has a roof; holds ten people, and one car goes up as the other comes down. It seemed almost as uncertain as going up in a balloon, and we were not sorry when we were down safely. There was quite a little climb to the summit after leaving the car, but there were guides to assist us, and keep us from slipping back on the ashes and fragments of lava. The smoke issued from crevices all over the mountain top, and the smell of sulphur was so choking we were obliged to cover our mouths

and noses. It looked as if we might be near a place sometimes spoken of in the Bible. We were not permitted to go near enough to the crater to be able to look down into it, because it is not safe to do so now. Even where we were was rather dangerous, as there were two explosions while we were there, and great showers of hot lava and stones were thrown all about us. Some of them were as large as a dinner pail, and I passed one in the path on my way down. It was a relief to get away from the awful place, and to find ourselves once more in our little carriage, safely on our way home. In the afternoon we met, on the level road, great flocks of goats, going home to be milked. They are not pretty creatures like sheep, and are such ugly colors, but are very useful here, for the milk and butter. I gathered some snow not far from the crater, and how it could remain there for any length of time, when even the ground was warm, I cannot imagine.

Thursday we went into Naples, three quarters of an hour by train, and visited the National Museum, where so many relics from Pompeii are kept, and also went through the Royal Palace, where the son of the present king and queen, Humbert and Marguerite, lives. It is a very handsome palace, and magnificently furnished and decorated. As we were coming downstairs on our way out we met Mrs. and Miss Underhill, who were with us in Paris; they were in Nice the last we heard from them, so we were

much surprised and pleased to meet again, even for a few minutes. Friday we came by carriage two hours and a half to this place. We are making a little trip through this part of the country with a Mr. and Mrs. Sevier, who are very charming English people. We are going to travel mostly by carriage and boat for about ten days, visiting places of interest and history, and then go back to Castellamare, where we have left most of our baggage.

Yesterday nearly everybody in this delightful little hotel went to Pæstum by train to see the ruins of three old Greek temples about 2000 years old. They are the very oldest things we have yet seen, and must perhaps be the next oldest to the Pyramids. The mountains and sea are very attractive there, but the place itself is the most desolate spot I ever saw. Nothing seems to abound there now but lizards, and they are very numerous and lively. The ruins are very fine, the great stone columns are more than seven feet through, and in the largest temple there are about fifty-six of these columns, so you can imagine what a large building it must have been; and yet it was so finely proportioned that it did not appear so immense after all. The town of Pæstum was founded about six hundred years before Christ. We had beautiful mountain scenery on the way, and occasional glimpses of the blue sea, and the hillsides and valleys were filled with gayly colored wild flowers, — narcissus, primroses, daisies, yellow marigolds, and violets. The peach

blossoms are plentiful, and we saw fields of peas in bloom. Had new peas for dinner here night before last. We saw large numbers of buffalo in the fields, but they look more like our American cows, and not so shaggy and humpy as the bison of California.

We are having rain to-day, and are glad of a good comfortable hotel in which to spend Sunday. I am devoting myself to writing letters to-day. With much love from all of us to you and the family, I am as ever,

Your affectionate daughter,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

CASTELLAMARE, ITALY, March 23, 1890.

MY DEAR FATHER :

Yours of March 3d was handed me on the 20th, on my return from our driving trip. A few nights before that I dreamed that there were thirteen letters awaiting me here, and on counting them after they were given to me I found just thirteen. Was n't that odd? Now I am very much in debt, and must do a lot of writing in the next few days in order to make up for lost time while driving about the country.

After writing you last Sunday the rain stopped, so we concluded to go on that afternoon to Amalfi, a town of 7700, reduced in centuries from 50,000 people, and beautifully situated on the mountain side, overlooking the sea. The scenery was perfectly grand on the way, the cliffs were so abrupt and rugged in many places, and

in others the whole mountain side was terraced and had lemon groves filled with the canary-colored fruit. Then the sea was always on the other side, with varied colorings, and the surf was dashing in with great force, and enormous waves. Unfortunately, the rain came on again after we had gone about halfway, and the mist and our umbrellas rather spoiled the views. On reaching Amalfi we had to climb nearly two hundred steps up to our hotel on the mountain side. It was the old Capuchin Monastery now used as a hotel, and was queer enough inside, and yet very comfortable and commanded a magnificent view, perched as it was right over the ocean. On Monday it was still wet, so we could not continue our journey, but the afternoon being fine, we made an excursion, by carriage, to the top of the mountain, where is a pretty little town called Ravello, and the scenery continued to increase in grandeur and beauty at every turn,—such colorings of sea and sky, of verdant hillsides and deep gorges, that we were wild with delight and admiration.

Tuesday morning was not clear, but it did not rain, so we concluded not to delay our journey any longer. We took a large rowboat with four able oarsmen; our party of five got in with our small amount of luggage, and we started for a town some miles distant, where we were to meet the carriage which was to take us to Sorrento. The waves were very high, and none of our party felt *too* comfortable, being thus at the mercy of

the great billows, and *some* of us were decidedly scared, although we did not get sick, because the wind was too strong, and the air too cold for that.

The men made very slow progress against the waves, and after about an hour decided to land us at a small fishing town in rather a sheltered spot, for they dared not risk rounding the next cliff, where they would come right into the face of the wind. The waves rolled high, and we wondered how we were going to be landed, but the men guided the boat near to the rocks, and then held her without touching them; while on the top of each wave, the natives on the shore assisted us, one at a time, up on the rock. It was a most exciting experience, but the people did their part splendidly, and we did our part well, too, without any words or any fuss. But, all the same, I do not want any more of that kind of thing. The reason we had to take boat at all was because the new road is not yet finished to Amalfi. When that is done, the whole drive from Sorrento to Amalfi and from there to La Cava, by the coast, will be the grandest one in the world, and can be done in about eight hours.

After we had rested, the men took our luggage, and we went in procession up about 100 steps, to the new road, and walked an hour and a half to Projano, where our carriage from Sorrento met us. In some places there was only a narrow path with a sheer precipice down hundreds of feet into

the roaring, foaming, dashing sea, and the mountain going straight up on the other. We all enjoyed the walk very much, and felt refreshed by it, instead of being fatigued. We had our lunch picnic style in the carriage, — cold chicken, cold roast beef, good bread and butter, and oranges and apples, and as soon as that was over devoted ourselves to the enjoyment of the scenery. It was the boldest and wildest we had yet seen, and really I cannot describe it. It was wonderful, and made us feel very small, beside each masterpiece of nature. On top of the last mountain the *tramontano*, or wind, struck us, and such wind I never was out in before. We expected to be blown out of the carriage, and held on to our bonnets and hats with main force. Getting down into the valley leading to Sorrento, we were not so exposed, but all night the storm raged and not ten minutes after our reaching the Tramontano Hotel, the rain came down in torrents. So we felt very thankful that, with our experience by sea and land, the rain held off so well.

We remained in Sorrento until Thursday morning, waiting for the weather to clear up, so we could go over to Capri, a beautiful island quite near here, but the sea was so rough that the steamboat did not leave Naples for four days, and as the water still continued to be very much disturbed, we took a carriage and drove over to Castellamare again. We feel very much at home here, and will make it our headquarters as long as we remain in the neighborhood.

Yesterday was fine and we went into Naples for the day and had a real nice time, but we got to the station one minute too late for our train and had to wait another hour. However, as we reached home just as dinner was ready, at seven o'clock, it was not so bad after all. To-day is a perfect day, and our landlord says we had better go over to Capri to-morrow, so we will take the boat from a small town half an hour's drive from here, and after an hour and a half on the water, will reach the island about six o'clock.

Alice and Kate have gone to church, but I wanted to get a good many letters written to-day, and declined to go. Thursday we had a tremendous hail and rain storm, with thunder and lightning. The storm has been very general over here; we hear of floods in Vienna, Paris, and Rome, and much damage done.

Thank Eula and Florence for their notes. I cannot answer them right away, as I have so many letters to write just now. It depends a good deal upon the time made by the steamers, whether or not my letters reach you promptly. If they catch a slow steamer, or there are storms, of course it takes longer.

With much love to one and all the family, and the good friends and neighbors, I am as ever,

Your loving daughter,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

CASTELLAMARE, ITALY, March 30, 1890.

MY DEAR FATHER :

Your welcome letter of March 10th reached me on the 26th, just after I wrote you, before we went over to the Island of Capri and spent three days. The hotel there has the same name as this one, and we had our meals there, but were in a cottage, because the hotel was full. Our quarters were not of the most luxurious kind, but we rather enjoyed the bareness and had a good time.

Capri is a small island, not so large as Middle Bass, if it were flat, but being mountainous has a good deal of surface, after all. There are two towns on the island, Capri, with 3000 inhabitants, and Anacapri with 2000. Capri is some distance up from the coast, with a stiff climb up to it, but Anacapri is very much higher and cannot be seen from the sea. The products of the island are grapes, olives, lemons, and oranges, and the poorer people depend upon their fishing for a living. It is a beautiful spot, with splendid views in every direction, and only an hour and a half by steamer from the main land. To reach it that day we left here by carriage at 2.30 P. M., drove about four miles to a small town where there was a little dock and good beach, were taken out in a rowboat, where we waited till the steamer came alongside, and then were assisted up the hanging steps into the steamer. On reaching Capri we had to land in the same way, as there are no docks along this coast for steamers to land their passengers directly. The sea was quite rough

that day, but we got along nicely, without shipping any water. Next morning we walked down to the landing place, took a rowboat, and started for the Blue Grotto. It took nearly an hour to get there, and then came the particular part of the business. We had to lie down in the boat in order to get through the low natural arch into the grotto, and as the waves were very high, it looked as if we might get one in the boat, — however, the boatman held on to the rocks, and waited till a receding wave left the opening quite free, and then we went in with a rush. At first I could see nothing, but in a few moments my eyes became accustomed to the dim light, and the grotto became visible. The water was a most beautiful light blue, and the rocks above us and surrounding us seemed of silver. A boy who came in with us for the purpose dived, and was like a large silver frog in the water. The grotto is 177 feet long, 107 feet wide, and 44 feet high, while the depth of the water is 70 feet. It was even more wonderful and beautiful than I had supposed. Coming out we had to go through the same performance as on entering, and did n't get a drop of water. The row home was delightful. There are quite a number of grottoes under the island of more or less beauty, but this one is the finest, so we did not attempt to see any of the others. That afternoon we took a drive up to the higher town, along a beautiful new and smooth road winding up the side of the mountain, and overlooking enormous cliffs of rock, and looking

down into the blue water of the sea. Tuesday morning we took a small girl as guide and climbed one of the cliffs to the Villa Tiberius, the ruins of one of many villas built by Emperor Tiberius. This one has a sheer cliff on the sea side, and history tells us that he used to throw into the sea from this point any one who offended him. It was a three hours' walk, and some of it was real hard, but we enjoyed it and the views from the top immensely. That afternoon Kate and I planned an excursion on donkeys, up Mt. Salaro, the highest point on the island, 2060 feet above the sea. We drove up to Anacapri, expecting our donkeys to meet us there, but after waiting more than an hour, and seeing no sign of them, we sadly went home again. On the way down the wind came up and it grew quite cold, so perhaps we might have taken cold if we had gone. Wednesday morning we took our little girl guide again and had another very enjoyable scrambling excursion to a natural arch in the rocks, and to a land grotto which was very wonderful. At 2.30 we left by steamer for Sorrento where our carriage met us, according to agreement with our landlord, and at six o'clock we were back here, having had a delightful trip and most perfect weather all the time.

Last Friday we had another excursion by carriage, over the mountain back of our house, where we looked down on Amalfi and the town where we were landed on the rocks ten days before. We went through the mountain near the top, by

means of a long tunnel, and on reaching the other side found ourselves on a cliff 2200 feet above the sea. It was a grand outlook, and we were all so glad to have been advised to go there. We were away from here seven hours, and ate our lunch on the highest point on the sea, where a hotel is being built.

Yesterday we took a charming walk in the royal woods, and to the mountain beyond. We were walking for three hours, but did not think of being tired, on account of the beauty of our surroundings. We are having the most perfect June weather in March. My window is open and the air is soft and delicious, while the perfume from the orange blossoms and flowers floats in, and the birds are doing their best to give me a taste of their happiness. Underneath, in the chapel, the English service is going on; I can hear the music and responses, but not understanding nor appreciating that service, I have allowed Alice and Kate to go without me. It is much more pleasure for me to be writing to my dear father.

Now I must finish my letter and get it into the mail before it is too late. With much love to one and all, and your dear self in particular,

Your loving daughter,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

Had a dear good letter from Minnie Kingston a few days ago, and will answer it as soon as I can. In one week I had twenty-four letters, so you see I am having my hands full.

TAORMINA, SICILY, April 14, 1890.

MY DEAR FATHER :

I am a little late in writing this time, but could not help it, as we have been so busy sight-seeing and traveling since leaving Castellamare last Monday morning. We drove into Naples, seventeen miles, and reached there about noon. After buying tickets to Palermo, going to the bank, having lunch, and doing a little shopping, we rowed out to the steamer in the harbor about four P. M. and sailed at five o'clock for Palermo. Naples looked very beautiful in the evening light, and as we passed our beloved Castellamare the sun seemed to be casting his evening rays especially on that one spot, as if to give us a parting benediction. We had a perfectly smooth voyage, and landed at Palermo on Tuesday morning at nine o'clock, in a rainstorm. All the time of our stay in Palermo the weather was like April, and so it was quite proper because it was April, but we managed to see the town pretty thoroughly between the showers, and did not get wet at all. We visited the palace and went to the top of it for a view of the city, and also climbed to the top of a cathedral outside the town on the hillside, and had another fine view from that point. The morning we left we drove to a villa in another direction and climbed up a pebbly path to a high point, and had another good view. The harbor is very pretty, and the town looks very picturesque, from an elevation. There are some very hand-

some streets and buildings, and a population of 245,000. In the museum we saw pottery which dates back 600 years before Christ. We left on Friday at 2.50 by train for Girgenti, a town of 21,300 inhabitants, on the southern coast of Sicily, looking towards Africa, and visited usually on account of the ruins of famous old Greek temples, which were built about 600 years before Christ. Some of them are very well preserved still, and speak of the riches and grandeur of those old times, while others are masses of ruins, caused by an earthquake. The country around these old ruins is beautiful, very hilly and fertile. The chief product of the country is sulphur, of which there are great mines in some places where nothing seems to grow. There are no trees in the sulphur district and very little vegetation of any kind, so that part of Sicily looks bleak and barren. There are large lemon, olive, fig, and almond orchards on the island, and in the great plain at the foot of Mount Etna grape-growing seems to be the principal industry. I inclose a sample of the Sicilian clover, which is fed to the donkeys. The hillsides covered with it present a most beautiful appearance. The leaf is quite different from that of American clover, too, but this morning I found some white clover exactly like ours, in flower, leaf, and perfume.

Our journey from Girgenti to Taormina was very interesting, but very tedious, as it took us from nine o'clock in the morning till 9.30 at night to come 143 miles. The country is very

mountainous, and when I tell you that we came through thirty-one tunnels during the day you can realize the fact of there being a good many mountains. About 4.30 Mount Etna burst upon us, and we had been looking at this great white cloud for some time before we realized that it was really Etna. It was glistening in the sunlight, with its crown of eternal snow, while soft fleecy clouds enveloped its sides, and it was hard to tell which was mountain and which was cloud. Being surrounded with level country, while the other mountains are close together, makes it appear even more majestic than it would otherwise, yet it is 10,835 feet high, and seems to be almost set in the clouds. We had a gorgeous sunset, where the sky seemed like a sea of liquid fire, and then the afterglow on the mountain was wonderful. Only on snow mountains does one ever get the rosy glow of the setting sun, and this was perfection.

This morning we have been to a very high point above this town for the view. The town itself is 380 feet above the sea, and this point where we climbed this morning is much higher. They say the finest view in Europe is from this spot, and certainly I never expect to see anything more magnificent, no matter where I go. We looked down on the beautiful blue sea, with its shore going out in points, and saw Italy and its snow peaks in the distance, while on the other side was Etna, looking more like a fairy mountain of the imagination than a genuine great volcanic moun-

tain. It has not had an eruption for four years, but that one was terrible. We saw fields of lava in passing Catania yesterday, and as we go back there to-morrow in order to sail from there for Athens on Wednesday, we expect to see a good deal of the remains of that last eruption.

We are having perfect weather now; the sun is warm and bright, and we are going to a high hill this evening for the sunset on Etna. There are very few cattle in Sicily; the milk we use is goats' milk, and the butter comes from a distance. The Sicilian language is quite different from the Italian, but we get along, with French and English.

Again we are housed in an old convent. It is kept by an Englishman, and even the servants are English, while the food is quite homelike. It has a splendid location, overlooking the sea, and from the gate we can see Etna, — that is where we are going in the morning to see the sunrise. In a few minutes we are going for a drive, so I must end my letter. I cannot hear from you again till we reach Constantinople, about the 25th of the month. This old convent is very odd and picturesque; I wish I could give you an idea of it, but that is impossible. We are so comfortable here that we do not want to go away, but must to-morrow. Hoping you are all well and happy, with a great deal of love to all, and to you in particular,

Your loving daughter,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

ATHENS, GREECE, April 20, 1890.

MY DEAR FATHER :

My last letter was written from Taormina, Sicily, on the 14th. We had a charming time there, and enjoyed greatly the views of the fine mountainous coast and Mount Etna. Tuesday, 15th, after lunch, we took the train for Catania, the nearest large town to the mountain, and the port from which we sailed for Athens. Catania is a handsome town with 85,000 inhabitants. From our hotel windows we had a full view of Etna, and from several high points about the town we also had splendid glimpses of the wonderful mountain. There are large lava fields in and about the town, from the last eruption four years ago, and these huge black masses give the place a rather dreary look.

At noon on the 16th, Wednesday, we were on board the steamer *Gottardo*, bound for Athens. As the boat receded from the land, the mountain seemed to grow higher and larger, and the last view was, to my mind, the grandest of all. On account of the large quantities of snow on the mountain, no ascents are made until about mid-summer, otherwise I would have been very much tempted to climb to the summit.

We had a medium voyage of two days to reach Athens, but Alice and I were both sick, and glad enough to reach land again. We landed as usual, in small boats, at Piræus, the seaport of Athens, about five miles from here, and after passing the custom-house safely, we took a carriage and drove

over instead of coming by train. We are comfortably settled in a very good hotel, of which there are many, and all full of English, German, and American travelers. All the waiters and people of the hotel speak some English, so our Greek does not need to come into play.

Athens is quite a modern looking town, excepting in the old part, and where the ruins are, but it was large enough for us to lose ourselves yesterday, in taking a walk. The streets are wide and clean mostly, and the buildings are of white marble; the pavements are of the same, as marble is more common here than wood. The shores of Greece are rugged, barren, and hilly, but not particularly beautiful, because there is very little verdure or cultivation, and no trees of any account. The outskirts of the town are not pretty either, but there are fine gardens and some public parks in the city, and some avenues of pepper trees. The dress of the people is very picturesque and interesting and has a good deal of variety and color. The inclosed picture is of a peasant, but the men are the most striking in their costumes, — many of them are dressed in white, with a full white petticoat well starched, which falls halfway to the knees, and a dark, beautifully embroidered sort of vest.

We drove about yesterday morning to get an idea of the place, and to see the famous old Greek temples. The Acropolis is about 200 feet high, and has the Parthenon and a good many other temples on it. The Parthenon is the best

preserved, and is very majestic and imposing with its immense white marble columns and grand proportions. Mars Hill is just opposite, only a few hundred yards away, and to-morrow I expect to stand on the spot where Paul preached his famous sermon to the Athenians. It seems almost impossible to believe that I am really in this city of Athens, whose real age history has never been able to discover, whose ruins date 600 years before Christ, and where St. Paul stayed and preached to the people of Greece.

This morning Kate and I went to two churches,— first to the Russian, which is just about the same as the Greek Church, and has the forms and ceremonies common to all Catholic churches, but which is very impressive here. While we were there we saw a friend whom we met at our boarding house in Paris last winter, Dr. Kords, of Chicago, an artist and a very fine man, who has been to the Holy Land, Egypt, and Constantinople, and is just on his way back to Italy. We were so surprised and pleased to meet him again, and he has spent an hour with us this afternoon, recounting his various experiences.

We were expecting to sail for Constantinople on Wednesday, but could not get accommodations, the boats are so crowded just now. So we leave on Friday instead, and go by way of Smyrna, where we will spend six hours. We wanted to go there, but had given up the idea, and now must go that way in spite of ourselves.

Mails leave Athens only three times a week, so this letter will not be very prompt in reaching you. Do not be anxious when you do not hear, for mails are very uncertain in this part of the world. The weather is very warm here, just like June or July at home, but the nights are cool and delightful. We enjoy seeing these new and (to us) strange scenes, and I am making a collection of photographs to remind me of what I have seen, when again on your side of the water.

Love to all, and to you most of all, dear father.

Your loving daughter,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

CONSTANTINOPLE, TURKEY, April 29, 1890.

MY DEAR FATHER :

The past week has been so full of interesting events that I scarcely know where to begin, and may not be ready to make an end of it, either. So, having made my little excuse, and warned you of what may happen, I will proceed to give you an account of our doings and journeyings since writing you last on the 20th from Athens.

Monday morning, the 21st, we drove to the Acropolis and explored the ancient ruins of old temples more than 2500 years old. The largest and most perfect of these is the Parthenon, of which there remain standing perhaps seventy-five enormous marble columns out of ninety-eight, the original number. These grayish, fluted columns are more than six feet in diameter, and hundreds

of years ago were pure white, glistening in the sunlight. The carved figures and friezes and most of the decorations have been taken away to the British Museum, London, but if the mere ruins and fragments are so grand, how magnificent must the hill have appeared before war, time, and the grasping hand of man wrought such destruction there!

The hill of Acropolis is 200 feet high, much higher and larger than Mars Hill, which is only a few hundred yards distant, and when Paul stood there and said to the Athenians: "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious," no doubt he directed their attention, by a wave of the hand, to the splendid temples opposite. We crossed over to Mars Hill, and I stood on the spot where St. Paul is said to have stood on that interesting occasion mentioned in the 17th chapter of Acts. There were some other tourists on the hill at the same time, and one gentleman, a minister I believe, read the words of St. Paul to us, which made the scene quite an impressive one.

That afternoon we drove out of the city about fifteen miles to see the ruins of the temples of Eleusis, which are much older than those in Athens. They had evidently been very large and magnificent, judging from the remains of immense marble columns, and fine carving, but the whole place was a mass of broken and defaced marble, which covered acres of ground. The drive was delightful and the country very

pretty and interesting. It was warm when we left the hotel, and looked like rain, but before we came back the sky was clear and the air so cool that we were glad to have the carriage closed. We saw quite a number of shepherds about the country, with their crooks, watching their flocks. The sheep were quite different from ours, and the goats much larger than those we saw in Italy, but the lambs and kids were playful and cute.

The next day we felt the effect of so much sight-seeing, and as the wind was high and the dust intensely disagreeable, we remained at home; but Wednesday morning Kate and I climbed a hill near the city, 900 feet high, to get the view, and a fine one it was. Afterwards we saw a number of things, and then rested till the cool of the afternoon, when we went to the Acropolis for the sunset. While on the Hill we had soft light on the surrounding hills, while the sky was a deep blue, and then we went down to another temple nearer the town and stood among the splendid columns and watched the sun sink behind the Parthenon in a liquid sea of golden glory, while the opposite hillsides became a deep pink color. It was wonderful, and we could scarcely restrain our enthusiasm enough to seem like peaceable, law-abiding American citizens. Thursday we also spent in sight-seeing, going to several museums of antiquity, among others to the collection of Dr. Schliemann, who believes he has located the site of ancient Troy, and in his excavations has found many valuable, quaint,

and wonderful old remains of past richness and power.

On Friday, 25th, we left Athens with real regret, and drove to Piræus, the seaport, and sailed for Smyrna at four the same afternoon. We had dreaded the trip very much, having been so miserable on the way to Athens, but met with a pleasant disappointment in being perfectly well all the time. The sea was quiet, the air delicious, the boat large, steady, and our staterooms very comfortable, while the officers and several of the passengers were most attentive and kind in looking after us. We had on board many nations represented. There was an Egyptian prince, brother to the Khedive, who looked like any other ordinary-looking man; then there were Greeks and Turks, the latter in their native dress generally, priests, etc. The steamer was one of the Egyptian Line, and had all kinds of men as crew and officers, but one of the latter was an Englishman and gave us a good deal of information about the country.

Saturday morning at eleven o'clock we reached Smyrna, and as soon as the boat stopped there we were surrounded by small boats, some full of people expecting to meet friends, and others wanting passengers. It was an odd and amusing sight, and we almost forgot that we wanted to go on shore, we were so much entertained watching the crowd. Finally we found a dragoon who spoke English; he found a boat and managed to get us into it without losing any of

us overboard, which was rather astonishing, as we had to cross several boats on the way to ours, — and soon we were in Asia. It was a glorious day, but very warm in Smyrna, which is much shut in by the hills on every side excepting that of the sea. We got a carriage and drove all over the old town, through the narrowest, roughest, dirtiest, most picturesque and thickly populated streets one could well imagine. These were the bazaars one always hears about in connection with these old Eastern cities. We often had to walk, and met, during these walks, a great many camels laden with goods. The camels go in procession, with a rope stretching from one to another, and the last camel has a bell on his neck. They are in lines of six, and march along in a most dignified and stately manner. We counted more than one hundred camels, during the few hours we spent in Smyrna. We saw Greeks, Turks, Nubians, Jews, Armenians, and Egyptians, all in their native costumes, and many Turkish women in their masks and veils, looking very mysterious.

Smyrna has nearly 300,000 inhabitants and is finely situated ; it has a good harbor, but much too small for the necessities of the place. We left for Constantinople at six Saturday evening, and at midnight we tied up at Mitylene, where Paul stopped on one of his journeys, recorded in Acts xx. We were there only a few hours, however, and during Sunday passed through the Dardanelles, and saw the spot where Xerxes had his

bridge of boats. Now there are Turkish forts and fortifications all about that part of the Dardanelles, and woe to any daring man-of-war that tries to pass them.

Sunday night we were on the Sea of Marmora, and reached Constantinople at five o'clock Monday morning. At four we were all on deck to get the first view of the city as we entered the Golden Horn. It was a grand sight, and when the rosy light had grown brighter and brighter, and then when the sun made his appearance over the distant hills, illuminating the windows and domes of the great city, I thought I had never seen anything more beautiful. By six o'clock we had shown our passports for the first time, had passed the customs without having to open a single bag, and were safely anchored at the hotel.

On the way up from the wharf, during a walk of about ten minutes, I counted 119 dogs lying in the street and on the pavement. The dogs of Constantinople are a part of it. None are ever killed, for that is against the religion of the Turks. They consider it a crime to kill a dog, and very unlucky to see one killed by any one else.

As soon as the banks were open we went for our mail, and my share was twenty-eight letters and a magazine. It took me three hours to read my letters, and bids fair to take weeks to answer them. Three were from you, and it gave me great pleasure and satisfaction, to know that you were all well.

We took a drive yesterday afternoon and saw

how large and how beautifully situated is Constantinople. It has 1,500,000 people, and it seems as if they all spend most of their time on the street. To-day we have had a carriage and a dragoman, and have been busy seeing mosques and bazaars and wonderfully interesting things generally. The Sultan has a good many palaces, but I do not know how many. These palaces, barracks, and public buildings are very fine, and the city is looking its best just now. It is the season of Lent just at present, at least it corresponds to the English Lent, and good Turks only eat once a day, — after sunset. This evening we attended service at St. Sophia's, the largest and oldest mosque here, and very handsome. As we drove over to Stamboul, which is the old part of the city and where most everything of especial interest is to be found, the four slender high towers (called minarets) of St. Sophia's were lighted up and looked beautiful. We, being heretics, were only allowed to look down upon the worshipers from the gallery. The service consists of some reading from the Koran in a chant or sing-song tone; the people bowing, then kneeling, and then touching their heads to the ground, all in unison. This is repeated a great many times, with intervals between. To me it looked most ludicrous, with nothing solemn or impressive about it. We soon grew tired of it and came home, but getting home was rather slow work, on account of the crowds of people in the streets. We have had a very full day and I am rather fatigued.

As it is now almost midnight, perhaps it would be well for me to bid you good-night.

Your loving daughter,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

BUDAPEST, HUNGARY, May 6, 1890.

MY DEAR FATHER :

I received yours of April 14th with inclosure from Charlie, last Saturday, the day we left Constantinople, and thank you both very much for them. I wrote you on the 29th, after we had been two days in that great Turkish city, and the longer we stayed there the more fascinated we were with the customs and dress of the people, and the sights all about us, so entirely different from anything ever seen out of Constantinople. I cannot remember of writing about the evening service we attended at the oldest and finest mosque in the city on Tuesday, 29th, so will tell you now, even if it may be a repetition of what was in my last letter. We went with our dragoman about half past eight, and on arriving at St. Sophia's were directed to the gallery, because our heretic feet could not be permitted to stand on the same floor with the pious Turk. The church was perfectly lovely with its thousands of twinkling lights, but even so many lamps did not make the place brilliant, for they were what is called floating wicks, and not by any means as bright as gas, nor even equal to candles. The Turks were standing in rows, each row near a space between the matting and the floor, this

space being left for their boots which are taken off on entering the church. The hats were worn all during service. After the chanting of the Koran began, at certain times and at intervals all fell to their knees and bowed low, raised the body, bowed to the ground again, and then stood up. This ceremony was repeated thirty-two times. To me it was very funny and looked most ridiculous, but to the Turks I suppose it means a great deal. They all seemed very much in earnest, and yet, in five minutes after their devotions I suppose they would cheat or even kill a dog of a Christian with great pleasure. Our dragoman was a Greek, and of course very much prejudiced against the Turks, and was always showing his strong feeling in that direction. We did not stay very long, as, having seen the performance once was to see it as it is always, and so went home. The city looked very beautiful with its 300 mosques and minarets all lighted, and then it was lovely moonlight besides.

There are two bridges over the Golden Horn, uniting Stamboul, which is the old town, with Constantinople, the new one. Galata Bridge is the first one, nearest the Sea of Marmora and the Bosphorus, and Stamboul is the name of the other. Some time ago, when they were going to build a new bridge, on putting it together they found it was too short for the place for which it had been measured, so they selected another spot, put it there, and then had a new bridge built for the original spot. So now they have

two bridges instead of one. The streets were so full of people that sometimes our carriage had to stop altogether. Crowds of men sat in the coffee-rooms or on the pavements smoking the favorite hookah, or pipe with a long tube attached to a large bottle of water. The smoke goes down into the water and thus modifies the strength of the tobacco.

Wednesday afternoon we went over to Scutari, in Asia, a large city on the point of the Sea of Marmora and the Bosphorus. We had made several attempts to see the American consul after arriving at Constantinople, but he was always out, and when we got on the boat to cross to Scutari he was there with his family and some friends. He introduced himself to us and presented his wife, and invited us to join their party, as we were all going to the same places. We had a charming afternoon. The views from the high hill we climbed behind the town were wonderfully fine and extensive. We drove through the Turkish cemetery, where 100,000 of the victims of the Crimean war are buried, and walked through the English cemetery where the poor fellows lie who lost their lives in the same bloody war. The difference between the two places was very marked. The Turkish cemetery always is known by its cypress trees, which look very much like the tall poplars in height and shape, and the gravestones are very close together, without any regularity, and the place has a neglected and tumble-down look, while the English one has

beautiful shade trees, a lovely carpet of grass, and plenty of flowers and shrubs. We saw the hospital where Florence Nightingale did such a noble work, and made her name famous and revered. On the way back we had a glorious sunset from the boat, which we all enjoyed much. They say it is unsafe for any one to wander about the hills beyond Scutari alone, for the bandits are very likely to carry you away for a ransom, or kill you for any money they can find on you. Only two days before we were there, a young man was carried off, and his friends could get no tidings of him. We saw no one who suggested the idea of a bandit, and as our party was large we had no fear.

Thursday morning we went by ferryboat up the Golden Horn to Agoub, which was the first place settled by the Turks after getting possession of the country, and consequently very old. The mosque at Agoub is where the coronation of every Sultan takes place, and is such a sacred spot that none but Turks are ever admitted into it. In the afternoon we drove around the old city wall, which was very large in circumference and massive and substantial in its construction, as the ruins still show, and saw the gate through which the Turks gained an entrance, and so the victory, too. We walked and climbed a good deal that day in going to the tops of hills and towers for views of the city and its surroundings. We saw the ceremony of the Sultan going to church on Friday. It is a weekly affair, and

takes about five thousand troops, mounted and on foot, to get him there, he is so afraid of being assassinated as his predecessor Abdul-Aziz was, and spectators cannot get near enough to see his august countenance excepting with a strong glass. We saw the carriage and gorgeously arrayed coachman and footman, the splendid Arab horses and the red fez of the Sultan, but not the man himself, and so would not recognize him if we did see him. He will not have his picture taken for fear his face will become too well known. I think it would be more comfortable to occupy a less prominent position and feel more certain of the good intentions of mankind in general.

In the afternoon we drove into the country to what they call the "Sweet waters of Europe," the point which supplies the city with good water. It was lovely out there, with beautiful green hills and enormous shade trees, and there is a palace with fine grounds where Abdul-Aziz resided with his harem, up to the time he was murdered, fourteen years ago. We went all through the palace and grounds, and enjoyed the charming spot very much. Saturday morning we spent in getting ready to leave Constantinople, and that afternoon we sailed up the Bosphorus and took in the beauties of its picturesque shores, with verdant hill-sides dotted with villas and palaces. It is eighteen miles long and very wide for a river, perhaps more than a mile wide, and about six o'clock we were on the Black Sea. Next morning we reached Varna, and then took train to Budapest, excepting

where we had to cross the Danube in a boat at Rustchuk. We were on the way here from Constantinople from Saturday at four P. M. till Monday at 2.30, and were a very tired party when we arrived. A good night's sleep has refreshed us, however, and we have been seeing this beautiful city to-day. It has 450,000 inhabitants, and is called a second Paris for its general beauty. It has fine wide streets, well paved (which is more than I can say about Constantinople), splendid public buildings, fine hotels (of which this one is the best and looks on the Danube), elegant residences, charming gardens and parks, and, in fact, all that goes to make an attractive city.

To-morrow we go to Vienna and will be there two weeks. I was sick when there before and saw nothing of the city. You will see our rooms marked on the picture of the hotel; the other pictures give an idea of the river and of the old palace on the other side of the river. Now we are going down to dinner, as it is nearly seven o'clock. We leave at eight in the morning for Vienna.

Alice and Kate join me in sending much love to you.

Your affectionate daughter,
LIZZIE McMILLAN.

VIENNA, AUSTRIA, May 13, 1890.

MY DEAR FATHER:

Yours of April 28th reached me at Vienna, May 12th. It is about the best time any of my home letters have made. I was very glad to learn

of your continued good health, and to hear all the news from your stirring little town. Eula's letter gave me much pleasure. She is getting to be a famous letter-writer.

I parted from you last at Budapest, in Hungary, after giving you an account of our journey from Constantinople, and of the weariness of mind and body which we experienced on the way. It would have been an easy journey in America, with our comfortable sleeping cars, but over here, without the requisite arrangements for comfort, night travel is fatiguing.

On Wednesday, 7th, at 8.40 we were on the train again, bound for Vienna. It was a very pleasant trip of six hours, and through a pretty and fertile country. In Bulgaria, Roumania, and Hungary, we again saw women working in the fields for the first time since leaving Italy. Having made arrangements by letter before coming here, we found comfortable quarters at a pension, or boarding house, awaiting us, and there are some charming people in the house. I was much impressed by the appearance of the city. It is much more attractive than I had supposed, and according to its size is more magnificent than Paris. The public buildings are immense, massive, and grand, the streets are wide and well paved, and the churches are numerous and beautiful. Vienna has 1,500,000 inhabitants, or a little more than half the population of Paris.

We have not done very much sight-seeing yet, having had more important — to us — business

on hand, viz., getting some clothes to wear; but we have made a commencement and will know quite a good deal about Vienna and its surroundings before we leave it. Sunday morning we went to the Royal Chapel for the music, and were treated to a German sermon first. It sounded well, and was given with much earnestness, and even if I did not understand it, was quite impressive. Then we had an orchestra, and some splendid male voices, and that I could understand and appreciate very much. We took a drive in the park in the afternoon, and it seemed as if the whole city had been emptied into the streets, either walking or driving. It seemed to me as if I had never seen so many people in my life. The principal avenue in the park is three miles long and has a double row of splendid horse-chestnuts on each side of the road, and these were all in full bloom. It was a beautiful sight. Yesterday we climbed 428 steps to the top of the tower of St. Stephen's church, and looked down on Vienna from that dizzy height, but the view did not compare with that from Galata Tower in Constantinople, where we had the Sea of Marmora, the Bosphorus, and the Golden Horn glistening in the sunshine, and beautiful green hills and sun-capped mountains in the distance. Last evening we went to the opera and enjoyed it very much, especially as we had seen nothing of that kind since leaving Paris. There was a thunderstorm with heavy rain produced in one scene, and it was so real that I felt chilly, as if

there had been a change in the weather. And now I will tell you something which will amuse you. All the windows here are double; one set opens out and the other opens in, and there are green shades between the two. A few nights ago I felt chilly and so closed one of my windows, leaving the other open. In the night I woke and firmly believed myself taking cold from the other window near my bed, but fell asleep again while trying to make up my mind to get up and close it. On rising the next morning what was my surprise and amusement to find the outside windows tightly closed. So much for the power of imagination.

To-day we have been to see the Crown jewels of Austria, which certainly are as magnificent as any I ever saw. Some of the diamonds are enormous and most beautifully mounted. There are many designs, from crowns to buttons, and it is a most brilliant display. There are many other costly and beautiful things there in gold and silver, but the jewels are the principal attraction, and it is almost impossible to get near the case for the crowds of people who constantly surround it on exhibition days. Afterwards we went to the crypt of the Capuchin church to see the royal vault where, among many relatives, Maria Theresa's splendid tomb is conspicuous. The air was so cold in the vault that we were glad to come out into the sunshine again, to get some warmth into our chilled veins. We shall be busy during the rest of our stay here, and expect to

leave on Saturday morning for Salzburg, to see the famous salt mines; then we are going to Innsbruck, and from there to see some palaces built by Ludwig, the insane king of Bavaria. We must be in Oberammergau on the 24th for the Passion Play, which takes place on the 26th. After that a week in Munich, and a couple of weeks in Dresden will bring us to the time when we must start for Liverpool to meet William and Will.

It has been quite warm here for a few days, but has turned cool to-night. I shall see that my windows are properly closed this time. Alice and Kate send much love, with mine. Please remember me very cordially to all friends. As ever,

Your loving daughter,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

INNSBRUCK, BAVARIA, May 20, 1890.

MY DEAR FATHER :

I believe your letters have all reached me sooner or later, and the last one found me still in Vienna on the 16th, just as we were leaving for Salzburg, in Bavaria. It was a very pleasant journey of about seven hours, through a picturesque country, mountainous, and yet well cultivated, wherever possible. Sometimes we were near the Danube for quite a long time, and when the river made a sudden bend we went straight on. After a while we left the river altogether and wound our way among the mountains by the side of mountain streams rushing madly along.

Salzburg, as the picture shows you, is charmingly situated, and a beautiful river flows through it, while the castle stands high above the town and looks down on some lovely scenery. We made an excursion by carriage from there to see a salt mine, and it was our first experience of going into a mine of any kind, so of course we all enjoyed it very much. We were taken into a private room, on our arrival at the mine, and there we put on long white trousers, a black alpaca coat reaching to the knees and belted in at the waist, and a cloth cap. Then we each had a lantern and followed the guide in single file into the vaulted passage leading into the mine. The air seemed very chilly at first, but the exercise soon warmed us, and after walking along various passages whose walls were almost pure salt, we climbed 120 steps, and then began to go down again. In one place we had to slide down an inclined plane, and then we found how necessary it was not to be hampered by skirts. We saw the salt in several forms, and tasted each to be sure we were not being deceived, and were especially interested in some blocks of transparent salt, the color of amber. There was a lake near the lowest chamber, 120 feet long, 110 wide, and 3 deep, and we went across it in a boat. There were small lamps placed at regular intervals all around it, and the effect in that dense darkness was weird and beautiful. After climbing to more than the level of the entrance we mounted a narrow car, still in single file, and were carried swiftly

along the passages until we were finally shot our into the bright sunlight, and our visit to the salt mine was over. We then got into our carriage again and drove some distance to König See, or King's Lake, a narrow but very long lake in the heart of the snow mountains, where the cliffs rise precipitously from the water to the height of several thousand feet. In one part of the lake there is a wonderful echo, and there the water is 676 feet deep. The lake itself is 2000 feet above the level of the sea, and the snow mountains looking into it are over 8000 feet high. One of the peasant boatmen fired a pistol, and it reverberated from side to side like the sound of heavy thunder. It was a most enchanting spot, and yet but one among the many wonderfully beautiful and interesting places in this grand country.

Our journey from Salzburg to Innsbruck yesterday was one of continuous delightful surprises on account of the beauty and grandeur of the scenery. We needed to have eyes in every direction, to take in the many magnificent panoramas unfolding around us at every turn. There were splendid white mountains with their weight of perpetual snow, rising abruptly from 10,000 to 12,000 feet high ; there were noisy rapids and foamy waterfalls and dashing mountain streams ; there were green grassy slopes dotted over with Swiss chalets which were held down by great stones on their roofs, and there were valleys covered with the most gorgeous wild flowers. In fact it seemed as if nature had omitted nothing in

that one day's experience. Our eyes were tired out with looking at so much picturesque and grand scenery, and yet we could not bear to miss any of it.

We reached Innsbruck last evening at seven, and have been doing some sight-seeing in the town this morning. We have seen the Court church and the royal palace, both of which are quite interesting, and now are about to take a drive to visit an old castle some distance from the town, and to see something of the country around Innsbruck.

We are having perfect weather, but warmer than at any time since leaving Smyrna. I am looking on mountains covered with snow, and we are surrounded by mountains, although not perpetually snow-covered ones. In a few weeks most of them will probably look sombre enough.

On Thursday we start by carriage for a visit to the famous Bavarian castles built by King Ludwig, who was called the crazy king of Bavaria. They are said to be wonderfully beautiful and original. We expect to reach Oberammergau on Saturday evening, where we will remain till Tuesday, 27th, and will attend the first representation of the Passion Play on Monday, 26th. It is played every ten years, and is considered to be a most wonderful thing. Crowds of foreigners of all nations come to see it, and having seen it are full of enthusiasm over it. Warm remembrances to all relatives and friends.

Your loving daughter,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

HOTEL BAVARIA, MUNICH,

May 28, 1890.

MY DEAR FATHER :

I was much pleased to find your letters of May 5th and 12th awaiting me on our arrival here, yesterday. It is a great satisfaction to me to learn of your continued good health. Am sorry Charlie was not well, but hope he is all right by this time. The past week has been so full of new and delightful experiences that it seems much longer, and yet when I wrote you on the 20th we were still at Innsbruck, and it will not be a week till to-morrow morning since we left there.

We went by carriage from Innsbruck to Oberammergau, and were three days on the road, stopping for meals at the small towns on the way, and spending the nights in little country inns, very primitive in their furnishings but exceedingly comfortable. The first day of our drive we enjoyed most magnificent scenery, — snow-clad mountains, deep gorges, lovely valleys, marvelously beautiful green lakes, grand old ruins of princely castles, and above all a glorious sky, with plenty of sweet June fresh air.

In passing Fernpass, one of the most varied and picturesque spots I have yet seen, we were over 4000 feet above the level of the sea. The second day we started at seven o'clock and thoroughly enjoyed the dewy freshness of the morning, as well as the delightful surroundings. Sharp snow peaks stood up in bold relief against the blue sky, while the valley was gorgeous with wild

flowers of deep yellow, brilliant with the dew-drops, and hundreds of cream-colored gentle-eyed cows were feeding on the sweet clover on the hillsides. That day we visited two splendid palaces belonging to King Ludwig II. One of the palaces was built by Maximilian II., Ludwig's father, and has a fine position on a high point overlooking two beautiful lakes. The interior is furnished and ornamented after the fashion of one hundred years ago, and while handsome, does not compare favorably with the other one, built under the direction of Ludwig himself. The situation of the latter is far finer, the architecture is on a much grander scale, and the interior is magnificent, with marble pillars and fine carving, splendid furniture and beautiful paintings. The whole thing is in the most perfect taste, but the building is not yet completed. They are trying to finish it according to King Ludwig's plans, but will probably be a long time doing it. The outlook from all the windows gives one grand glimpses of the grandeur of nature, and while we were in the building we got a superb effect of nature and art combined.

The great tower of the castle stood up in a lofty manner, bathed in sunshine, while behind it great black clouds rolled in dense masses towards the north. We were thankful to be under such perfect shelter, when the storm broke, a few minutes later, and the rain fell in torrents. An hour later we drove through the valley towards the town where we were to sleep, with the

afternoon sun shining as brightly as ever, and all nature smiling, after the sudden storm.

Saturday, our third and last day in the Austrian Tyrol, we again started at seven o'clock, and began by climbing part way up the mountain, and looking backward had lovely views on every hand. Then we reached a lake, very long, narrow, and deep, which lies between the two mountain ranges at the height of 3146 feet above the sea. The water was like a mirror, it was so smooth, and the mountains opposite were reflected so clearly in the lake that it was hard to tell where the mountains began and the lake ended. Even the light clouds in the sky were clearly reflected in the water. The carriage road led along the bank on one side of the lake only, and the shore shelved up so suddenly that we seemed to be looking off a precipice, for the water was very clear. Before noon we reached the third of King Ludwig's palaces, and it was a marvel of beauty in delicate carving, heavy embroidery in silver and gold, and a profusion of beautiful things. The grounds had fountains, cascades, arbors, flowers, forest trees, and a weird grotto with strange effects from lights of different colors sent into it from outside. We were charmed with all we saw, and after spending a few hours very pleasantly at Linderhof, and having some lunch, we continued our course towards Oberammergau, which we reached early in the afternoon. We had enjoyed our three days among the mountains so much that we were actually

sorry to find the journey ended, but as soon as we had found our lodgings and become settled, we began to be interested in the village and the people, and to look forward to Monday as the climax of our anticipations of months. Fancy a small town containing only 190 houses, having more than 5000 people come down upon it suddenly, and you can have some idea of what Oberammergau was on Sunday and Monday last.

The Passion Play is a religious performance to the people of Bavaria, and if the outside world will invade them at the time the play takes place, all they can do is to try to take care of the strangers as well as they can. Many people have the feeling that to portray the life and death of Christ as they do in the Passion Play is sacrilegious, but after having seen it, all such idea passes away. The whole performance is more solemn and impressive than any religious service I ever saw, and it must be something wonderful that would keep five thousand people chained to their seats, one might say, for eight hours and more, without one symptom of fatigue or impatience. It was simply the most wonderful and the most impressive thing any one could imagine, and I feel that one is better and not worse for having seen it. I cannot attempt to describe the performance, on paper at least, but will try to give you some idea of it when we meet.

Yesterday morning we came to Munich, and expect to remain here a week before going on to Prague and Dresden. I have to-day written my

last letter to Will N., as William and he sail in four weeks for Liverpool, where we expect to be at that time to meet them on their arrival. I send you a species of clover which I have found in Austria and Bavaria. It is such a delicate shade of yellow that the fields covered with it are very pretty. It is quite different from the Sicilian clover, in size and shape, but must belong to the clover family, as its general characteristics are the same.

To-day we have been to see the carriages of King Ludwig, and I assure you they were gorgeous enough, in gold and blue, and beautiful embroidered cushions and robes. While here we are going to make an excursion into the country to see the fourth and last of this luxurious king's palaces. Perhaps it is as well he died before he quite ruined the country with his extravagance.

It is growing late and I am feeling the effect of so much traveling and sight-seeing, so, with much love to you and to the household, I bid you good-night.

Your loving daughter,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

DRESDEN, June 10, 1890.

MY DEAR FATHER :

It gave me great pleasure to receive your good letter to-day, and to be assured that my letters to you are so satisfactory. Sometimes it was not easy to write, either from fatigue or from lack of time, but I always remembered that you would

be expecting to hear from me at the regular time, and that I must not disappoint you. Your sweet words of commendation have more than repaid me for any trouble I have taken, for you know I always enjoy praise judiciously bestowed.

My last letter was from Munich on the 3d, only two days before we left that clean, pretty old town. The day before we came away was the fête of Corpus Christi, a great day in the Catholic Church, and they had a grand procession which was almost four hours in passing our hotel. We were fortunate in having front rooms, and so did not have to go into the street at all, although we did have to rise an hour earlier than usual because the procession started soon after six o'clock; and when we heard the clash of drums and heard the martial tread of the soldiers, the King's Guard, how could we resist running to the windows, or help being enthusiastic with the crowd? It was certainly the finest parade I ever saw, papal or otherwise, and was well worth seeing. Some of the gorgeous court carriages, in blue and silver with white satin cushions and grandly dressed outriders, passed our windows, but we couldn't see who was in them.

Friday morning we started for Dresden and rather dreaded the thirteen-hour trip, but the day was so cool and pleasant, and we had such agreeable company the time passed swiftly away, and by 8.30 we were comfortably settled at Hotel Bellevue. It is the same hotel where we spent a week just seven years ago this month, and is quite

homelike to me. We found our trunks from Rome had arrived safely, and the Italians had not broken them open or robbed us of our valuables, as we were led to expect. We felt quite royal when our three trunks came home, after having lived in a shawl strap for nearly three months, but are becoming accustomed to the new state of things already. The weather has been cold and November-like ever since we came, and there has been a good deal of rain. Yesterday was lovely, and to-day has been pleasant since noon.

Last night we went to the opera and enjoyed the music very much. To-day we have been to the picture gallery ; if not the finest gallery in the world, there are certainly few to compare with it. Raphael's most famous Madonna is here, and it is a marvelous picture. It makes one feel better to look at it, as if the painted canvas carried a blessing in it for all.

I had a letter from William to-day ; he is already away from St. Louis, and one week from to-night he and Will will be on the ship ready to sail in the early morning. We are expecting Hattie Sawyer here on Thursday to spend a week with us, and are saving up our little trips and excursions till she comes. In two weeks from now we will be in Liverpool, awaiting the arrival of the steamer City of New York. Never has she borne such precious cargo as will then stand on her deck, and if prayers and blessings will insure her safe crossing, then they will have a delightful voyage.

Hoping that you and yours are in good health
and happy, as ever,

Your loving daughter,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

BETTWS-Y-COED, NORTH WALES,

July 2, 1890.

MY DEAR FATHER :

I wrote you on the 24th from Liverpool and added a postscript after the arrival of the boys. On the 26th I heard from you, and this morning have had your letter telling about the wedding and Charlie's departure for Glasgow. We will try to see him if we go to Scotland.

On the 26th we took the train over to Chester, only an hour from Liverpool, and found a quaint old town with very interesting things to see. We saw the house where the Earl of Derby used to live, and the attic where he concealed himself sixteen weeks, when they were searching for him because he had spoken against the government, — also the old Mill on the Dee, which is the foundation of the song called "The Miller of the Dee." Will and I climbed Phœnix Tower, from which Charles I. witnessed the defeat of his army, and we all attended service in the fine old cathedral, built in 1500 and something. Will and I also walked around the old wall of the ancient town, about one and three quarters miles around, with old towers and outlooks at intervals. Friday we drove out to Eaton Hall, the country-seat of the Duke of Westminster. He owns about

half of the county of Cheshire, and has a magnificent park of splendid old forest trees, full of game of various kinds. We saw plenty of deer, rabbits, pheasants, etc., and his stables are noted for a fine breed of racers. The gardens and greenhouses are very extensive and beautiful. Apple and pear trees were trained along the stone walls and were made into hedges. The Hall itself is very large, finely proportioned, massive, and handsome, and the interior is filled with a choice collection of odd and beautiful things. Will took several pictures of the house and grounds, as well as of the home of William E. Gladstone, which we next visited, and of which I inclose you a photograph. Gladstone's land joins that of the Duke of Westminster, and the park has 250 acres, while he owns about 5000 acres. His place is in Flint, just over the border of Wales, and is called Hawarden (Harden). One never knows how to pronounce the English proper names, and when it comes to Welsh names, it is just as well to give up at once. We could not go through Gladstone's house, but the exterior is charming, and it is finely situated on a high point, with a splendid outlook all over the grounds. The park is very rolling and picturesque, with old trees and great green slopes of lawn and meadow. We saw the trunk of the last tree the great statesman cut down, and the work was that of a man who understood his business. Saturday we came over to Bettws-y-Coed (called Betsy-coo-ed), where we mean to remain until next Monday. We are

quite surrounded by the loveliest Welsh hills, with the river Conway at our feet, and this same river is well stocked with trout and salmon. Will and Mr. McCool, an American gentleman who is traveling with us for a few weeks, have gone out fishing this morning, and I expect they will return with a full basket. Yesterday we had a great treat. We started on top of the coach at 9.15 in the morning and got back at 6.45 in the evening. We enjoyed a constant succession of beautiful sights, — waterfalls, gorges, mountains, castles, etc., with occasionally a smart sprinkle of rain, which only added to the interest; and in the afternoon drove through the slate quarry district, where everything visible was connected with the work of getting out the slate. There were huge mountains of refuse slate, which must have been a great many years in attaining their present proportions. It reminded me of the lava fields about Vesuvius and Etna, the slate being almost the same color as the lava. There were eighteen persons on the coach, including the driver and bugler, and as it was the first run of the coach for this season the inhabitants turned out-of-doors to see us pass by as soon as they heard the first note of the bugle. At one place where we stopped for a few moments about two hundred children surrounded the coach. Will was anxious to get a picture of coach and children, but the sun refused to shine, and it could not be done.

We are not quite settled in our minds whether we go to Norway and the North Cape, or to

Norway and Russia. So I cannot give you anything very definite in this letter as to our route after we leave here on the 7th. Our party are all well and in fine spirits, and all unite in sending much love to you. It is very good of you to write me so regularly, and I appreciate it much.

Ever your loving daughter,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

ADELPHI HOTEL, LIVERPOOL,

July 8, 1890.

MY DEAR FATHER :

I wrote you on the 2d, and had a letter from you the same day. On the 4th July we took another long drive, but not on a coach, to see Carnarvon Castle. It is the largest castle in North Wales and, although a ruin, is a magnificent one. Edward I. built this castle in 1284, and Edward II. was born there. We saw the room, and it must have been a most uncomfortable one. Will and I climbed the tower, where steps still remain, and had a fine view of the sea and the country about the castle. He took his camera on the trip and got some pictures which I hope will turn out well. The walls of Carnarvon Castle are fifteen feet thick in many places, and surround several acres of ground.

Friday morning Will and I walked nearly nine miles before lunch, and in the afternoon we all went on a coach ride of eleven miles and came back by train. The country is beautiful, with

so many picturesque spots, that one wants to live out-of-doors. Then the air is so fresh and bracing it gives a person new vigor and an enormous appetite. The table at Waterloo Hotel, Bettws-y-Coed, was very fine, one of the best we have found anywhere. Saturday afternoon we went by train over to the seashore, Llandudno. It took only an hour, but a more complete change of scene it would be hard to imagine, from the lovely wooded hills and green fields of the Conway valley, to the open sea, with no shade, and nothing green. The beach at Llandudno is a splendid one, over two miles long, with such a gentle slope down to the water that when the tide was out the beach was nearly a quarter of a mile wide. And there the children were playing in the sand or riding the little donkeys and having a good time generally. We drove over to see the ruins of Conway Castle, which was also built by Edward I. in about 1284. It is a very handsome ruin, all covered with ivy, but is not so large as Carnarvon. It was so cool at the seaside that we required fire in our sitting-room all the time, and needed as many blankets at night as in winter. It is cold still here to-day, and in fact we have had such cool weather all summer it is hard to realize that in America people are dying from the heat. We would really enjoy a little warmer weather, but do not expect to have any until our return from Norway. We left Llandudno yesterday morning and came to Liverpool as the best point from which to start for Hull. Here at the

Adelphi Hotel they are famous for their turtle soup. They get the turtles from the West Indies, over one hundred at a time, and many of the huge creatures weigh over three hundred pounds. We went downstairs and saw them in the tanks where they are kept. There were about fifty in the water, and it was quite a sight, as some of them were three feet long, without the head being visible. It poured all yesterday afternoon and night, but seems to be clearing up this morning. We start for Hull this afternoon at 3.05, and expect to reach there at seven o'clock, and our steamer sails for Bergen at ten p. m. I dare say we will feel rather forlorn tomorrow, but it will not be a long trip, so we will be able to stand it. We hope to arrive at Bergen at latest on Thursday morning, and on Friday will take another steamer for the North Cape. Mr. McCool, the gentleman who went to Wales with us, has been in London for a day or two, but we will find him waiting for us at Hull, to accompany us through Norway.

Now I must close and finish my packing. All wish to send much love to you, in which I join cordially.

Your loving daughter,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

EIDE, NORWAY, July 15, 1890.

MY DEAR FATHER:

My last letter to you was from Liverpool on the 8th, just as we were about to start for Nor-

way. We went to Hull by train, and there embarked on the steamer Eldorado for Bergen. The moment we left the harbor our troubles began, for the North Sea is usually very rough, and that trip was no exception to the rule. On the contrary, it was worse than usual, and we were all so sick that our enthusiasm about the North Cape vanished, and on our arrival at Bergen on Thursday afternoon, we gave up our staterooms on the Cape steamer and concluded to see Norway by land. However, before the time came for the boat to leave Bergen, Mr. McCool and Will had decided they still wanted to see the midnight sun, and they left us on Friday evening. I am very sorry to disappoint you about descriptions of that far north region, but under the circumstances it could not be helped.

We found Bergen a rather picturesque old town of 50,000 inhabitants, situated on several fjords (fee-ords) and seeming almost like several islands, well built up. The German fleet was at anchor there, but the Emperor and his escort ship had just left the day before. The Emperor is doing Norway, and keeps just a few days ahead of us. William says it is just as well, as it would unsettle the minds of the Norwegians to have so *much royalty* in the same town. We are pretty well north, even here, as it is light all night. The twilight lasts till about one o'clock and then day begins. At any time in the night I can see to read ordinary print, and in Bergen people were about the streets all night long.

Norway is made up of mountains and water, which gives beautiful scenery but poor farms. Of course fishing is one of the principal occupations of the people, and the salmon abounding in the fjords are large and delicious. We have simple food, but everything is well cooked, and the air is so bracing that no one can complain of lack of appetite. Salmon for breakfast, dinner, and supper, and after a week of it we are still fond of it. Saturday afternoon we came over by train to Vossevangen, to spend Sunday. The scenery on the way was charming, as we ran a long way by the side of a beautiful fjord, with fine mountain ranges on every hand. The day was beautiful, and the coloring in mountain and sky was wonderful. Sunday morning we went to the Norwegian Lutheran church, and heard a very earnest sermon, which was interesting, even if we could not understand a word of it. The peasants were there in great numbers and were very devout as well as picturesque. Their costumes were, on the whole, rather simple, and as a rule not becoming, but the red waists over the white blouses were quite pretty.

In front of the hotel at which we stayed was a lovely little lake, and just beyond were mountains covered with snow, which were quite dazzling in the sunlight. Yesterday morning we drove for three hours over such a beautiful pass to this place, called Eide (Ida), and on the way saw a splendid waterfall, next to the finest one in Norway. It is about five hundred feet high and

has an immense volume of water. From here we took boat up the Hardanger-fjord, which is very large and has many branches. The whole way was one succession of grand sights. One splendid mountain range has a glacier which extends for fifty miles, and from the boat we could plainly see the huge ice fields and great masses of snow, and at several points the snow reached almost to the water's edge. The cliffs and ravines are full of foamy waterfalls of greater or less dimensions, and we were quite astonished to see trees and other verdure almost up to the glaciers. Sometimes it seemed as if a large patch of snow had been placed in the midst of a green field. Often we saw a patch of cultivated ground seemingly in an almost inaccessible spot on the mountain-side, with a house and other buildings, showing it was the home and consequently the castle of some worthy peasant. To-day the boat stopped an hour at a little village, to enable the passengers to take a drive along a wonderful road by the cliff, on the very edge of the lake. The funny two-wheeled vehicles they use so much here hold two people besides the driver, who sits perched up on a little seat at the back, and the mountain ponies need no urging to go. We had quite an exciting drive, and enjoyed the magnificent surroundings, the novel mode of travel, and the change from the boat. The sun came out brightly, for the occasion, too, and so nothing was lacking for our enjoyment. The weather in Norway this summer has been very wet and cold. We need all our

warm clothing as well as waterproofs and umbrellas, but as some of the finest effects are from the clouds and shadows, we do not mind some dampness occasionally. It does not rain all the time, but it makes us duly appreciate the sunshine when it comes. We mean to drive, mostly, for the next week, until we reach Christiania on the 22d, and about that time we expect to meet Will and our friend, at the same place, as they will take train across the country to join us after having seen the North Cape. On reaching Christiania I hope to find a letter from you, and to learn that you still continue in good health. We have had very fine strawberries in Norway, as well as in England. I have had some as large as a large wineglass, which were very sweet and delicious.

Warm regards to all my friends in Aylmer, with much love to you. Your devoted daughter,
LIZZIE McMILLAN.

William as well as Mrs. Fisher and Kate send a great deal of love to you.

CHRISTIANIA, NORWAY, July 23, 1890.

MY DEAR FATHER :

Yours of July 1st came yesterday, and we were indeed much interested to know that you were well up to that time. The bracing air of Norway and the out-of-door life we are leading is doing us all a great deal of good. We were delighted with our trip across the country, which was a perfect success in every way. Even the weather smiled on us, and for five days we had a clear

sky, bright sunshine, and plenty of pure mountain air. I wrote you last from Eide at the head of the Hardanger-fjord. From there we drove back to Vossevangen (where we spent Sunday 13th), and the same afternoon drove to Stalheim, a point overlooking a wonderful ravine with two splendid waterfalls to be seen as one goes down the mountain. We spent the night at Stalheim, and next day walked down the zigzag carriage road, which makes sixteen turns on the way down, into the valley below, and then, getting into our carriage, drove to Gudvangen (Good-vang-en), and there we took boat on the Sohne-fjord, and for six hours were between towering mountain ranges from 4000 to 5000 feet high, with snow peaks visible in the distance nearly all the time. We saw a waterfall that day falling in foaming cascades 3000 feet. This fjord is said to be 4000 feet deep, and some of them are supposed to be as deep as the mountains are high. A fjord is an inlet from the sea, and is found only in Norway.

The weather had been very cold ever since our arrival in Norway, till about this time, when the air began to grow softer, and as we came eastward we found it much warmer. Still, it has not been hot any of the time, and no one could desire a more perfect temperature than we are now enjoying. Thursday night we spent at Lærdal-sören (Lare-dol-suren), a village on a branch of the Sohne-fjord. It was such a quaint little place, with very small hewn-log houses, with the funniest little windows and turf roofs, on which

masses of bright yellow moss and gay-colored wild flowers grew and bloomed luxuriantly. From there we began our drive of three days over the country, changing horses every ten miles, dining at one posting station and sleeping at another, walking up hills and down hills when they were very steep, and enjoying the magnificent mountain scenery from hilltop and valley until we reached Christiania on Monday evening, 21st.

The driving in Norway would suit you exactly, because the horses walk up hill and run down, and they are so surefooted that one need have no fear of accidents, unless from the carelessness of some one who may be driving. Small boys are often the drivers, but they can be trusted even when the traveler cannot. Mr. Bennett, who controls most of the posting tours through Norway, and is a friend of Mrs. Fisher and lives in Christiania, yesterday took us to drive and to take tea at his home, and the whole family were very cordial in their reception of us. Christiania is quite a pretty town of 150,000 inhabitants, and has many beautiful spots about it. Still, we enjoyed much more the novelty of driving through the country than being in a city. We leave this P. M. for Stockholm, Sweden, and there we expect to welcome Mr. McCool and Will, who will arrive there from the North Cape about the same time we will reach there from Christiania. We hear that the two travelers had a very successful view of the midnight sun, and we are now anxious to see them and hear all about their trip.

We are now going to lunch, and after that to the train, so I cannot write you a very long letter this time. I have only written one letter since sending my last to you. We have had our time too fully occupied for letter-writing to find a place in our days. Our love to all friends, and to yourself in particular.

Your devoted daughter,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

HOTEL DE FRANCE, July 29, '90.

ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA.

MY DEAR FATHER :

My last letter to you was on the 23d, from Christiania. We had a very pleasant time there and received much attention from the Bennett family. They all were down to the train to see us off on Wednesday afternoon, and presented each one of us ladies with a handsome bouquet of hothouse flowers. Our journey to Stockholm by train was not very comfortable. What they call sleeping cars over here are generally only places where one can lie down, but neither bed-clothes nor pillows are provided, so you can imagine how tiresome a night journey is in this country. And yet they talk a good deal about their comfortable sleeping cars.

We reached Stockholm about nine o'clock on Thursday morning, 24th, and found a beautiful city, built on the mainland and numerous islands, with a great deal of beauty in its surroundings as well as in its handsome streets, magnificent build-

ings, and lovely parks. It has a population of 227,000, and there is a great deal to interest a stranger in the city. It is also called the Venice of the North, on account of there being so much water about it. We were there two days, but did no regular sight-seeing, outside of taking a drive each day and going to the top of the high elevator for a view of the city.

Thursday evening Mr. McCool and Will arrived from their trip to the North Cape, and they had such a fine time that I was very sorry to have missed it. They saw the midnight sun, most successfully, three times. It must have seemed very odd, if one could realize it, to have the sun shining as brightly at midnight as at noon. The only difference was in the location of the sun. Will intends giving you a description of it, and you will enjoy it more in his own words.

On Friday evening we left Stockholm by steamer for St. Petersburg. This time the sea was kind to us, and the whole trip was most enjoyable. On sailing out from Stockholm we had a splendid view of the city and a glorious sunset as well. The Baltic is full of islands along the route to St. Petersburg, so we were in sheltered water most of the way, and the Gulf of Finland has a good many islands too. Saturday evening at six o'clock we reached Helsingfors, in Finland, and spent three hours there. It is a handsome town of 70,000, and has a very strong fortress. As Finland belongs to Russia, it was our first landing on Russian ground. We drove all

over the city in a funny little vehicle which they call the drosky, and anything more ridiculous than the whole turnout it would be hard to find. The driver sits in front, on his high seat, wearing a short-waisted coat with a long skirt which gives him a very clumsy figure, while his low-crowned and broad chimney-pot hat defies description. The low seat behind carries two very uncomfortably, and the horse has a large wooden hoop over his head which is used to support the shafts. They use the same vehicle here, but have other carriages as well. We often ride in a drosky, though, for the amusement of it. Sunday morning at ten we passed Cronstadt and were much interested in seeing its wonderful fortifications, and at 12.30 sailed into the harbor of St. Petersburg through the canal of several miles' length, which was built a few years ago, to enable large ships to come into the city without unloading.

We have already been out to Peterhof to see the royal palace where Alexander II. lived, and were shown through the various rooms, which were beautiful with gilt and white decorations and magnificent pictures. The grounds are very extensive and there are a great many fountains in different designs, which played during the evening. Crowds of people were there on foot and in carriages, amusing themselves and listening to the two bands, one of them performing all the time. We saw the brother and uncle of the Czar, but the Emperor and Empress are not in the city at present, so we have to be content with seeing

some of their palaces. Just now great preparations are being made to celebrate the birthday of the Empress, which occurs next Sunday. According to Russian count this is the 17th day of July, instead of the 29th, as their date is twelve days later than ours.

We left Peterhof at ten P. M. and reached home before midnight. It would have been light even without the aid of the moon, and we found it hard to realize that it was so late. We realized it more yesterday morning when it was time to rise. We have engaged a guide to show us the sights, as here, where almost nothing but Russian is spoken outside of the hotels and shops, we feel perfectly helpless without one.

Yesterday morning we visited the Hermitage, or picture gallery, which was built by Catherine II., and is a magnificent building filled with gems of art and has many relics of Peter the Great and of Catherine II. The jewels are superb, but it seems a pity that so much wealth should lie idle, when there is so much suffering and poverty in the country. In the afternoon we went to one of the churches to hear the music, and drove in the evening.

St. Petersburg was founded by Peter the Great in 1703, and now has 1,000,000 population. It is an enormous city, well built, well paved, with much of interest to be seen. We shall, however, only do a little in the way of seeing it, as three days will scarcely make much impression when there is so much to be seen. To-day we will visit some

churches, the burial place of Peter the Great, etc., and end the day with another drive. We have charming weather and warmer than we have yet experienced, but not hot by any means. Tomorrow night we leave for Moscow and return to St. Petersburg about the end of the week, on our way to Paris. They are waiting now to go out to St. Isaac's, the largest and finest church here, so I must close. Love to one and all from all.

Your loving daughter,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

Noon, July 29th. Have just received yours of July 7th, and was delighted to hear that all was well with you up to that date.

Moscow, RUSSIA, August 4, 1890.

MY DEAR FATHER :

I had a nice letter from you on July 29th, the same day on which I wrote you. We were still in St. Petersburg at that time, and while we were there I climbed to the top of the dome on the cathedral of St. Isaac's and saw St. Petersburg five hundred feet below me, spread out like a great picture. None of our party would go with me but our guide, and they lost a good deal by missing that splendid panorama of the city. I would not have missed it for a great deal.

We started for Moscow on Wednesday night, and reached this fascinating old city on Thursday morning. We actually had a real sleeping car, and passed a very comfortable night. Moscow

covers a good deal of ground, has a population of 880,000, and is, next to Constantinople, the most picturesque place I ever have seen. There are over four hundred churches, and each church has from one to seven domes, while no two domes on any church are alike. Many of these domes are gilded, and glitter in the sunshine like burnished gold. We reached here about ten o'clock in the morning, and that day visited the palace (which was full of beautiful and interesting relics of royalty from the time of Peter the Great) and five churches, and drove about twenty miles to get the view of Moscow from Sparrow Hills, — the same which Napoleon had in 1812. After seeing the view we did not wonder that the great general wanted to capture the city. Friday we did a good deal of sight-seeing; went to the church where the Czars are baptized and married, to another church where they are crowned, and to still another where they are buried. Then to an odd old church which Napoleon attempted to destroy by fire, but did not succeed on account of its fireproof character, probably, although the people declared it was a miraculous intervention from heaven which saved it. At any rate, finding it would not kindle properly, he used it for a stable instead, and the quaint edifice, with its eleven towers all of different sizes and colors, still remains a prominent landmark in the city. The favorite pavement here is cobble-stones, and we have not lacked for exercise since coming here, as the distances are so great that we are obliged

to drive a good deal. Then the noise is terrible, but one can get accustomed to almost anything, and we do not mind the roughness nor the noise nearly so much as at first.

Friday night we went over to the fair at Nijni Novgorod, about two hundred miles further east. We had a car called a sleeper, but the company do not supply bedding, so we took our own pillows and blankets and were very comfortable. We spent all day Saturday doing the fair and the town, which is quite an important one of 60,000 inhabitants at the junction of the Volga and Oka rivers, and came back in the same car Saturday night. We were quite willing to keep pretty quiet yesterday, but in the evening we started to drive out to Petroski Park, where the illuminations and fireworks were to take place in honor of the Empress, whose birthday it was. It was cloudy when we started, but grew blacker and blacker, and the thunder grew louder and nearer while the lightning flashed constantly. Finally we decided to turn back, and just as we had started on our return trip the storm broke. Such a wild drive I never had. Our coachman drove furiously, and as every other driver was doing the same, we expected every instant to assist in a collision. How we managed to get through the mass of vehicles unharmed I cannot imagine; but we did, and were so well protected in the carriage that we were not damp at all. The wind blew down the arches and illuminations in the park and severely injured a number of people,

so I am glad we did not go any further. This morning was lovely after the storm, and not so warm as it was yesterday. Still, we have had no warm weather anywhere this summer, and perhaps we feel the heat now more than those who have become accustomed to it. To-day we have been to the Treasury, and have seen the coronation robes of many of the Czars, as well as their thrones as far back as Peter the Great. Diamond studded crowns and jeweled swords, gold and silver plate of immense value, old armor and coats of mail, old state carriages, etc., were shown us, which were all most interesting, but the car on runners, which was Empress Elizabeth's carriage for traveling between St. Petersburg and Moscow, was the most curious. It must have had a good many powerful horses to carry it along, and many armed men to guard it on the way. Both here and at St. Petersburg are seen the most superb black horses. We have even had the pleasure of driving behind some splendid ones ourselves, and have bowled along at a dizzy pace; and here the crowning beauty of the horse, the mane and tail, are not taken away from him. We call it a barbarous custom to deprive an animal of its tail, and yet I do not believe barbarians ever did such a cruel and ridiculous thing.

The country about here has no special characteristics, and as we were on the train it seemed to me as if I might be in Canada instead of in Russia, as far as the general appearance of the country was

concerned. They grow a good deal of wheat, and the forests are mostly pine, as far as I have noticed. The countrymen look very picturesque as they are seen working in the fields, wearing, generally, bright red shirts; but distance lends enchantment, as on close inspection they are not at all attractive looking. This afternoon Will and I climbed to the top of Ivan's tower, which is about the centre of the city. Moscow looked beautiful from there, with its thousands of domes, and the Moscow River twisting about and spanned here and there by fine picturesque bridges. We counted thirty-four bells of various sizes in the tower, the largest of which weighs 19,200 pounds. This evening we are going for a long drive to one of the parks, and to-morrow at noon we leave for Warsaw, where we will probably spend only one day, on our way to Paris. We expect to be in Paris by Saturday, and after that our hard traveling will be over.

Russia is a very interesting country, and I am so glad to have seen something of it. Ever since I was a child it has been my ambition to visit St. Petersburg, and now that it is an accomplished fact I can scarcely realize it.

Will be very glad to hear from you on our arrival in Paris, and hope all is well with you and all my friends.

Your loving daughter,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

All the family join me in sending love to you.

PARIS, August 13, 1890.

MY DEAR FATHER :

On our arrival here on the 10th I was delighted to receive three letters from you. My last was written from Moscow on the 4th. We left Moscow the next day, 5th, and were twenty hours on the train before reaching Warsaw. Poland belongs to Russia, so we were still on Russian soil, and the weather having turned very warm we found ourselves uncomfortable from the heat. Warsaw has 450,000 people, and although it is a fine city, it is not nearly as handsome nor so picturesque as either Moscow or St. Petersburg. We remained there only twenty-four hours, and did not attempt to do more than to drive about the city. It was very hot when we left, but a thunderstorm cooled the air during the afternoon, and we had a comfortable night on our way to Berlin. Most of the country between Moscow and Warsaw is level and fertile. It abounds in pine and birch forests and is a very fine farming country. There are large quantities of wheat grown, which is stacked in the fields for want of barns wherein to store it, and in several instances we saw the grain being threshed out with flails, in the old-fashioned way. We never once saw a reaper in all those great level fields of waving grain, but hundreds of men and women were engaged in cutting the wheat with sickles. There are also immense fields of clover in full bloom, as bright and beautiful as a huge bed of roses. We saw large numbers of cattle and sheep,

and as there were no fences at all I could not help wondering how they were kept out of the grain. The country reminded me of Canada in everything but its funny thatched villages, and they did not compare very favorably with our own flourishing towns, glistening with white paint and cleanliness. I must say that on the whole I like the Turks better than I do the Russians, because if the Turks are dirty they are at least picturesque in their dirt, whereas the Russians are not.

We arrived at Berlin on the 8th, and took up our quarters at the same hotel in which we stayed seven years ago. I like Berlin; it is a beautiful city, clean and neat, with nice wide streets, smooth pavements, and a ring of honesty about its people. The Germans may be slow, but they are much more reliable and honest than many of their more active-minded brethren. It was delightful to give ourselves up to the business of resting, and although we were there less than two days we did a good deal of solid work in that direction.

Since reaching Paris on Sunday morning we have been very busy attending to our shopping and visiting with our relatives. The Smiths are out in the country again, and have a lovely little home only ten miles from the city. We were all out there to dinner last night, and they are to dine with us at our hotel to-morrow night. I went to see Madame d'Harmonon yesterday and had a nice visit with her. She said Mrs. Fisher,

Kate, and I were her model boarders, and she would like to have us spend next winter with her. Will is growing all the time. He is now taller and weighs a little more than his father.

News came a few days ago that the Hill School had burned down. If nothing was saved, Will has lost about five hundred dollars' worth in books, furniture, pictures, camera, wheel, etc. We hear that the Mo. Car & Fd'ry. Co. have also had a fire, but as yet have not had any letter from Mr. Bixby, telling about it. William does not worry, for it would do no good, and then he has such wonderful control over his feelings that when he makes up his mind not to worry that is the end of it. William and Will have gone out to some entertainment, but we have all been so busy to-day that the rest of us were glad to stay quietly at home. We have comfortable rooms, and such a pretty, cosy sitting-room, and are really enjoying Paris very much. Mr. Smith's son, a little older than Will, is over here for his vacation, and the two young men are having a nice time together.

We go to London about the 25th for two weeks, and then to Scotland and Ireland for the remainder of our stay on this side of the water. Our holiday is drawing to a close, and I think it will be very nice to get home and settle down once more in my own house. Hattie Sawyer is coming to Paris in a few days to make us a little visit.

Now I must not weary your patience any

longer, dear. All send much love to you, but the largest budget comes from

Your loving daughter,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

12 WEYMOUTH STREET, PORTLAND PLACE, LONDON,

September 3, 1890.

MY DEAR FATHER :

I received your forty-first letter on Monday 1st, with inclosures from Eula and Florence. They were all very welcome indeed. I am glad Florence passed her examinations so well and that the girls are having such a pleasant time.

In my last letter I made a misstatement as to the population of London. It has over 5,000,000 people, and extends thirteen miles one way and sixteen miles the other, including the suburbs. The city has 15,000 cabs, tramcars, and omnibuses, besides all the private carriages. About 30,000 vehicles and 140,000 pedestrians pass the Mansion House, which is the official residence of the Lord Mayor, during eight hours of every working day. There are 14,000 police in London. It is truly a monster city, and one peculiarity about it is that no one part of the town seems to be much better than another. It is very even in the condition of its streets and in the construction of the buildings. There are handsome buildings everywhere, and there are plain ones, but the streets are all well paved and are kept quite clean.

Last Saturday we had a fine coach ride of seventy-four miles through a most beautiful country.

We started at 10.45 and were home again at seven o'clock. We changed horses every ten miles and had a good dinner at the other end of the route. Sunday afternoon we took a carriage and drove for nearly three hours in the city and parks, and on Monday we went on the Thames, down to Greenwich, and came home by the underground railway. We enjoyed seeing the shipping of all sorts, and the manufactories along the banks of the river. Sometimes there were so many barges and boats in the river that our boat had hard work to get through, and the worst of it was that the boat was so crowded that we had to stand up. We often use the underground railroad, as it is very convenient but not very pleasant, on account of the smoke. London would have a hard time to get along without that railroad. I like riding in the hansoms. The driver sits up behind, so there is nothing to interfere with one's view, and the vehicle having only two wheels can slip in and out where a carriage could not go at all. Yesterday afternoon we went down into the city on top of a 'bus, and it was great fun. One of our horses fell down and there was quite a good deal of excitement among some of the deck passengers for a little while.

We are thinking of going to Brighton, the swell seaside resort, perhaps to-morrow. We may go down by coach and come back by train, and we also want to see Windsor Castle while we are here, as we did not go there when we were here before. We have had five days of as perfect

weather as any one could desire. The sun can really shine in London, and I did not think it could. Last night we had a little shower, and it is cloudy to-day, so we are going to content ourselves with seeing something in the city, instead of trying to make any excursion outside. We are enjoying our housekeeping very much; the only danger is that we will all over-eat of the good things Mrs. Bowden provides at William's suggestion. For you must know that he is the housekeeper and orders all the meals. Will is six feet and one fourth inch high, and no signs of stopping as yet. He is shaving now, and feels very proud of the stubbiness of his newly-cut whiskers. All send much love. We are a substantial looking party, and hope to retain our plumpness in spite of the ocean voyage, which we shall make in about a month from this time.

Your last letter to me will be written on the 15th, just about the time you receive this. Then you can send me a line to the Windsor Hotel, New York, about the 5th of October, please. I shall keep on writing all the time we remain on this side, and afterwards too, of course. Love to all, and your dear self in particular.

Your loving daughter,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

LIVERPOOL, September 12, 1890.

MY DEAR FATHER :

I have not had a letter from you since the 1st, but it may be owing to our leaving London and

changing our address. Our housekeeping in London was a great success, and we were very sorry to give it up at the end of two weeks. Last Saturday we had another coaching trip, to see Windsor Castle. We drove twenty-nine miles, a great deal of the time by the side of the Thames, which is very winding and picturesque out in the country where the green banks slope down to the water's edge. Windsor is quite a large town with the castle overlooking the Thames. The castle itself is an enormous pile of buildings, occupying a great amount of ground, and compares favorably in every respect with any palace we have seen. We passed under the windows of the queen's own apartments, and admired the fine views she must enjoy very much. Will took some pictures of the place, and I picked some ivy leaves to put among my collection of leaves and flowers. Just as Will had finished getting as many views as he wanted, a guard came up and informed him that it was against the rule for photographs to be taken on the grounds, but as he did not care for any more it did not trouble him in the least.

Mr. McCool joined us just before we left London. We started on Tuesday morning and went down to Brighton on the seacoast for a day. It was lovely there, and the next time we come over we mean to spend at least two weeks there. It is quite a large city and has four miles of beach, with a beautiful drive and any number of attractions in the shape of rowboats, bathing wagons, beach chairs, etc. We could scarcely get Will away, as

he wanted to have some sea baths and fishing. From there we went to Oxford, the university town, saw the twenty-three colleges there and went into a good many of them. That was a charming place and very interesting on account of its great educational advantages. The colleges are all very attractive; of course some of them are more so than others, but they seem to be very pleasant places in which to spend one's school days.

For two weeks we have had no rain, and lovely weather all the time. A few days were quite warm, but it is cool and pleasant again, and we are hoping for fine weather at the English Lakes, where we expect to go this afternoon. We came here yesterday, wishing to attend to some business, and then it is on our way to Lake Windermere. We feel pretty well acquainted with Liverpool now, and very much at home. We have not quite decided as to going to Scotland, or leaving it for another time. If we do not go there I will not see Charlie. William is getting rather tired of traveling, and feels more like settling down somewhere till the time comes for sailing. I cannot set my mind to writing long letters, for it seems needless when we are to go home so soon, and my American correspondents seem to feel the same way about it, as I get very few letters now. All send much love to you, and so do I, dear.

Your loving daughter,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

BOWNESS ON WINDERMERE, ENGLAND,
September 17, 1890.

MY DEAR FATHER :

I have not received a letter from you since September 1st, and must have missed one, perhaps two. I know you have written, for you have been so good about writing every week since I have been over here, so am quite sure it is not your fault.

My last letter to you was written on the 12th at Liverpool, just before we started for the English Lakes. Friday night found us in this quiet, lovely spot, and we have enjoyed our surroundings very much.

Bowness is a little town of about 2000 inhabitants, on the shore of Windermere, the largest and prettiest of the English Lakes. English people have a notion that there is no scenery in the world to compare with this in beauty, and it certainly is very pretty, but we have numerous lakes on our side of the water quite as lovely if not more so. Our hotel is on the hillside and overlooks the lake, with its green slopes and wooded hillsides opposite, and numerous picturesque little islands dotting the sparkling surface of the water. We are very fortunate in having good weather here, for it has been wet all summer, and only cleared up a few days before we came.

We went on a delightful coaching trip last Saturday, when I sat on the box seat where I could watch the four horses as well as drink in the

beautiful views. It is a good deal like Scotch scenery in this part of England, having many quite high and rugged looking mountains covered with heather. Steamers ply up and down the lake and connect with trains at either end, and we have taken some very pleasant trips on the water. Yesterday we went to see the ruins of Furness Abbey, which was founded in 1127. It was an immense monastery in its prime, and is perhaps the largest ruin in this part of the world. The stone walls still look very strong, and it seems strange that such a massive structure could ever fall into decay. It is almost covered with masses of ivy and woodbine, which make it very beautiful. Will is in his element here, and spends his time in rowing and fishing. He supplies our breakfast table with delicious fish, principally pike. One which he caught on Monday weighed at least five pounds, and was a beauty. To-day we have planned a drive to some of the noted places in the neighborhood. Every inch of ground is historical and noted for some important event, or as being the birthplace of some poet or author or royal personage. We expect to go to Edinburgh, to-morrow and will spend about a week in Scotland, leaving Ireland for the last week of our stay here. Two weeks from to-morrow we will go on board the City of New York, at Queenstown, and I make no further plans till we land in New York. We hope for a smooth passage, but will have to take just what is provided for us in the way of weather. I shall see Charlie

in Glasgow, probably, but we expect to be there only one day, having seen the city pretty thoroughly seven years ago.

William and I celebrated our twenty-seventh wedding anniversary yesterday. Poor William has suffered with toothache more or less ever since he has been over here, and on Monday he went to a dentist and had the tooth taken out. Now he feels like himself again, and we believe that the trouble will be only a thing of the past.

We are all reckoning on having a nice long visit from you after our return home, and will be delighted to see you as soon as you can make it convenient to come. It is not likely I can leave home right away, after being away so long, and so this time we will expect you to do the visiting. We shall stay at the Windsor Hotel, in New York, and I hope to find a letter waiting for me saying you will come to St. Louis very soon. All the family join me in much love to you.

Hoping to get a letter from you in the next mail, and thanking you for being so faithful in writing me during the past year, with oceans of love to my dear father, I am always

Your affectionate daughter,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

GRESHAM HOTEL, DUBLIN, IRELAND,
September 26, 1890.

MY DEAR FATHER :

I received some letters to-night from Canada dated September 8th, but none from you. The

last letter I had from you reached me September 1st, so several must be missing and I cannot understand it at all.

I wrote you last from Lake Windermere, in England. On the 18th we went to Edinburgh and stayed till Monday morning. We saw the Castle and Holyrood Palace, John Knox's, and a good many interesting places, besides climbing Scott's monument; but we were most impressed by the splendid cantilever bridge over the Frith of Forth. I actually dreamed of crossing it, the other night, but that was as near as I came to doing it, for on our way to the Scotch Lakes our train did not go that way, as we had hoped and expected that it would. We took a favorite trip through that part of Scotland which they call the Trossachs, and sailed on Lakes Katrine and Lomond, besides having several coach rides. Fortunately the weather was fine for the two days of our trip, otherwise we would not have had such a delightful time. Tuesday night we reached Glasgow, and having already notified brother Charlie of our arrival, he came and spent the evening with us. He looks very well indeed, and seems to feel happy and much at home. Yesterday morning we woke up to find it raining hard, and the wind blowing great guns. As we were to cross the Irish Channel during the day, the prospect was rather discouraging; however, we left Glasgow about half past nine and before long it cleared off, and the wind went down a good deal, so we had a very comfortable passage, after

all. We crossed at Stranraer, where William's father and mother lived, and we landed at Larne, and put our feet for the first time on Irish soil. I think Ireland well named in being called the "Emerald Isle," for anything more green than the whole country I never saw. The fields are bright green, and the divisions are made with beautiful green hedges, instead of ugly rail or stone fences, while there is a great deal of woodland and shrubbery everywhere. We took train up to Belfast and arrived there about five o'clock, thankful that we had crossed the Channel for the last time without being sick.

Belfast, much to my surprise, is a large city of 225,000 inhabitants, and is mostly a Protestant community. We spent to-day there very pleasantly, seeing the city. We drove all around town in one of the funny Irish jaunting cars, where the people sit facing the side, and back to back. It was great fun for a little while, but I would not care to ride all day in that fashion, especially as one feels very much like tumbling off into the street, at every jolt of the vehicle, and it jolts all the time. We left Belfast at 3.30 to-day, and at seven sat down to a most excellent dinner at this hotel.

Dublin is not very much larger than Belfast, but has more of interest about it. We will spend to-morrow here, and on Saturday will go to Killybegs to see the lovely Irish Lakes. Our train came at the rate of forty-four miles an hour from Belfast to Dublin, so you see we are not quite

away from civilization, even if we are in old Ireland. Both in Scotland and in Ireland the oats harvest is still going on. They have no barns in this country, and we see the grain stacked in the fields, waiting for the threshing; some of the threshing is already done. Charlie says he has often wanted to teach the Scotch people how to bind grain. He says they are very slow and awkward about it.

One week from now we will be on the steamer on our way to New York. I hope old ocean will treat us kindly this time. Our family are rather tired and are going to retire early, so I must close my letter. Hoping that you are well and happy, and looking for a letter every day, with much love, in which William and Will, and Mrs. Fisher and Kate all join heartily,

Your loving daughter,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

THE WINDSOR, NEW YORK.

October 8, 1890.

MY DEAR FATHER :

On our arrival at the hotel at 10.30 this morning I found your welcome letter. It is good to know that you were well, for after a few days at sea, when one is really out of the world, letters telling of the welfare of dear friends are more than ever welcome.

We have had a very busy and fatiguing day with visitors, etc., and now it is nearly midnight, but I must send you a short letter to announce

our safe arrival, before I sleep. The last few days of our stay in Ireland were very pleasant, the weather being all the time in our favor. After leaving Killarney on Wednesday last, just a week ago, we went to Blarney to see the ruined castle and to kiss the Blarney stone. You know I have often been accused of that, but they do say that when one has actually kissed the really truly Blarney stone, the truth does not dwell any longer in that person, because of the desire to say pleasant things always. It was a beautiful day, and we had a charming walk of a mile and more through lovely lanes hedged with holly and blackberry bushes, in order to reach the castle. After our visit there we went by train to Cork and spent a few hours seeing that old-fashioned town, and took supper at Queenstown the same night.

We embarked for home on Thursday at 1.15, and made the run to Sandy Hook in five days, twenty-one hours, and nineteen minutes, the quickest on record excepting one which was made by the City of Paris. We had all sorts of weather, some good, some bad, and some indifferent, and we behaved accordingly. When the sea was smooth we were on deck, where we wrapped ourselves in our rugs, stretched at full length in our steamer chairs, and enjoyed the pure air, the gentle motion of the boat, and the vast expanse of water around us. When the sea was rough we remained in our berths and groaned with seasickness and wished ourselves anywhere, if we could

only be on dry land once more. But on the whole we had a very comfortable voyage, and proved to be better sailors than we had expected to be.

The steamer City of New York is a magnificent boat 500 feet in length and rides the waves splendidly. It takes more than an ordinary storm to affect her, so when we were tossed about like an eggshell on the water the other night, we knew it was no slight storm we had to fight. There were 2000 people on the ship, including first and second class passengers, steerage, and officers and crew. Quite a little city we were, and where all trades were represented. How glad we were, early this morning, to see land and to feel that we were really on American soil once more, and how amusing it was to see the different aspects of the 600 first class passengers, as hoods and caps were discarded and fine hats and bonnets appeared instead.

As soon as we got on shore we came up to the Windsor, where we found a warm welcome from friends in person and by letter. It does not seem nearly so long since we left New York, but it is a whole year lacking ten days, and yet all seems so natural and homelike on this side of the water that I almost feel as if I had never been so far away. I have visited many new and interesting countries, but after all there is nothing like one's native land.

We are fast being separated already, as Mrs. and Miss Fisher left for Batavia this evening.

Will goes to Philadelphia to-morrow and William and I start for St. Louis to-morrow afternoon. We expect to be at home by seven o'clock on Friday evening, about the time you will receive this letter, or perhaps before. I will try to arrange it some way to be in Aylmer this autumn. I must see my dear father before long, and if he will not come to me I must go to him.

With much love to all friends, and to yourself in particular,

Your loving daughter,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

DAMPFER, EMS, January 10, 1893.

MY DEAR WILLIAM:

We did not start as soon as we expected because of one late passenger, and the non-arrival of the luggage of four young ladies. At last the man came, but the baggage did not, and we were off. It was cold for two days, and has been quite mild and balmy ever since until to-day there is a cold rain. Wednesday night I came to dinner but had to leave with the soup course, and the saloon knew me no more until Saturday night. It has been rough all the time excepting one day, and if you could see how high the waves are and how the boat rolls, you would be amazed that I could be calmly seated at the table writing letters. You may be able to tell by the very irregular letters how frequent the lurches from side to side are. I cannot command a great flow of language under the circumstances, nor would I have energy to

put it on paper any way, when all my tact and strength are required to keep my writing materials on the table and not under it.

We have all turned out to be very fair sailors, and Kate will ever be a monument of glory, as she has not been sick at all. They call her the "old salt" since last Thursday, when she was almost the only woman in the saloon at meals. We found Mrs. Dudgeon as soon as you had gone, and she was the lady whom Kate suggested to you on the deck. She is very charming and sits with us at the chief engineer's table, and we have very jolly times. Herr Eicke, the chief engineer, is a typical German, large, stout, and fair, with merry blue eyes, and is very nice to us. Kate and Alice sit on his left, while Mrs. Dudgeon and I are on his right. Since luncheon Kate and I went to the purser's office to change my American money and get some stamps. He had neither French gold nor English money, so I got Italian notes, as we expect to be in Naples three days, and are going to make a trip over to Ischia if the weather is fine. We are rather discouraged about the weather, as it seems to get worse instead of better, the further south we go. There was a petition circulating yesterday among the passengers to induce the captain to stop at Palermo, but the fiat has gone forth to-day that he will not stop there. So our only landings en route will be at Gibraltar and Naples.

There are some very pleasant people on board (besides ourselves), and a very jolly crowd they

are. Last night nearly every one was in the saloon playing cards, cribbage, chess, etc., and just after we had finished our game of *béziq*ue and had ordered three milk punches, Mrs. Bell, who has the captain's room, and had so many flowers and so much fruit, sent us some grapes and mandarins, so we had quite a feast. We like this boat very much indeed. The table is excellent, the service admirable, and everything is as clean and neat as the most fastidious soul could desire. When we went up to get our stamps from the purser we met Herr Eicke who asked us to come and inspect his den, and then he showed us the engine.

We hope to get to Gibraltar on Thursday morning, if all is well, and have been looking up the code to find a word which will suitably express our feelings, and think that "abolition" comes nearest the mark. We certainly have not had a pleasant voyage, and yet it has not been cold nor violently stormy, and we are all well and have been so excepting for two days. They expect to give us four hours at Gibraltar, which will be ample time for seeing the most interesting features of that grand fortification. Later I will be able to speak more intelligently on that point.

Counting the real time, it is just one week ago that we sailed, and in some ways it seems three times as long. Here is a list of the daily runs: 290, 366, 346, 367, 376, 382, 375. I suppose you and Will had a lovely time in

Washington and in Braddock, and are about starting for St. Louis, and by the time our first letters reach you all your plans for Eddy will have been completed.

Now I must write a few words to father and Patie, and it tires me dreadfully to write here. It seems too bad that letters take so long to go to you. How stale our present thoughts and feelings will be when you get them! Alice and Kate send a great deal of love to you and Will, and so do I.

Your loving wife,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

HOTEL ROYAL, NAPLES,

Sunday, January 15, 1893, 7.30 P. M.

MY DEAR WILLIAM :

If you could only see your three tramps at this moment! You must know that we are in "Sunny Italy," and we are sitting just as close to the fire in our grate as we can. We have two tables with our writing materials near us, and a lamp and a candle to illuminate the scene. After giving you this bird's-eye view I must return to the date of my last writing, when we were expecting to reach Gibraltar the next day. Well, Wednesday night was a perfect nightmare. It was the roughest night of the voyage, and the captain was on the bridge all night, and when morning came the sea presented anything but a pleasant aspect. I rose at 6.30 and at seven was on deck, as I was determined to see land as soon as any was to be

seen. I was the first woman out, and only one man was before me, and there on the right was Africa, with a lighthouse on the point. The morning was foggy and wet, so there was a limit to our vision, but soon land appeared on the left and we were off the Spanish main. Wednesday evening the light from Cape St. Vincent on the coast of Portugal was seen, but we went off from shore again in a short time. About ten o'clock Thursday morning we reached Gibraltar bay, and had a grand view of the famous rock and fortifications. It seemed quite natural, as it was just as the pictures had always represented it. The bay was full of shipping of every description, and it was hard to find an anchorage, but after many delays a tender came and about forty of the passengers went on shore. It seemed very delightful to step on solid ground once more. The first thing we did was to get a man who spoke English (and as English is taught in the schools there we had no trouble about it), who secured a funny looking carriage for us and drove us to the American consul to get a permit to visit the fortifications. The consul came down to the carriage and invited us upstairs while he made out the permit. His parlors were quaint, with a mixture of American and foreign furniture and decorations, and very attractive, with lots of flowers everywhere. When he found we were from St. Louis, he said a relative of his used to live there. This relative proved to have been General Reynolds, and he was very much astonished and pleased

when I said I had known the general very well indeed. He gave us some roses, urged us to remain longer, and finally parted with us in a most friendly manner. We then drove through the quaint old Spanish town, ascending all the while those narrow streets so common in these old countries, with alleys of stone steps going up and up till it wearies one to look at them, and soon found ourselves at the iron gateway to one of the galleries leading to the guns. They say there are twenty-seven of these galleries, in the rock, but we traversed only one, for the way was very steep and we were obliged to walk. When we reached the first outlook, or gun, we went outside to get the view, which was certainly a magnificent one. On the left was the bay with its numerous water craft of all sizes and kinds, while on the right lay the blue Mediterranean, looking so calm and placid compared with the turbulent Atlantic we had just left. In front of us was Spain, looking mountainous and rugged, but bearing many beautiful green spots. Gibraltar itself was like a green oasis in the desert, it was so covered with beautiful gardens and lovely shade trees. The air was as balmy as April and the weather quite as changeable. Every little while we would have a sharp shower and then the sun would come out again as brightly as ever, but as we were so fortunate as to be in the carriage whenever it rained, it only made a pleasant diversion for us.

The drive from the English town where we

landed to the Spanish town was through a hedge of aloes in full bloom, and I wish you could have seen it. After our visit to the fortifications was over we came to the town, did a little shopping, of course, then found a pastry shop where we could get some cakes and a cup of good strong tea; and how good it was! It fairly makes me hungry to think of it even now, just after a splendid table d'hôte dinner at our favorite Hotel Royal des Étrangers. The last thing we did was to go to the flower and fruit market, get a basket, and have it filled with lovely looking mandarins and covered with great bunches of violets and narcissus. Just across the street was the Moorish market where imposing Moors in native costume and great white turbans offered queer baskets made of hemp or rope, and chickens for sale. They bowed most profoundly to us, but did not urge us to buy, as they probably saw we were in need of neither chickens — lives ones, at least — nor baskets. By this time we were a mile or more from our steamer, and so took a carriage down to the dock. We found that one day in Gibraltar had cost us each the modest sum of two dollars and a trifle more.

We were to have weighed anchor at five o'clock, but owing to delays in getting coal we did not get away until eight, and were glad of it, as it gave us the opportunity of seeing Gibraltar by night. It was one of the most beautiful sights I have ever seen, and as we sailed out of the bay, the star-studded heavens and the thousands of

lights on Gibraltar made it seem more like a fairy story one would read, than like reality. Of course you know that Gibraltar has been an English fortress for 200 years, has 500 guns, and keeps provisions on hand constantly to supply 150,000 men for two years.

That night was smooth sailing, and we thought that now we were on the Mediterranean we would feel no more the pitching and rolling with which we had become so familiar. Alas, our dreams of bliss were not to be realized so soon, for morning found a heavy sea running, which only changed to increase, and none of the blue sky of Italian renown was visible, and not even the sea was blue, but a dirty gray like any of our western lakes. Yesterday afternoon was the worst of all, when the vessel rolled so much that we were afraid sometimes that she could never get up again. After a while a sail was hoisted and then the waves went down, so that we had a delightful evening playing *béziq*ue and whist. Since the two days' illness just at the outset, I have been perfectly well and have not missed a meal. It seemed very odd to feel so well, when I had to hang on with one hand, to dress, or eat, or write with the other, as best I could. The ship's company have been very well, as a general thing, and there were few vacancies either at lunch or dinner. More than twenty passengers came on board at Gibraltar, and they say that forty will embark at Naples. About that number will also remain here. The four young ladies who had to

leave New York without their luggage will perhaps go up the Nile on the steamer with us. They are very nice girls, are from Boston, and two of them we call Norah and Hoppie, because one of them reminds us of Miss Pettibone, and the other of Miss Hopkins. Another of them, Miss Choate, said she had heard of me through her sister, who is a friend of Mrs. Dillon. You see the world is very small, after all.

This morning at ten o'clock we saw Ischia in the distance, but it took a long time to get to Naples after that. The morning was cold and not very bright, so a good many jokes were made at the expense of this sunny clime, and we shivered in all our warm wraps. To old stagers like ourselves who had been here before, it was amusing to watch the enthusiasm of the others, and we gave our information about different disputed points with calm superiority. We came on shore at three P. M. on a tender, found the runner for this hotel as soon as he came on board, and with his assistance passed the customs with our satchels very easily, and were soon rattling over the streets of Naples to the merry crack of the whips and exciting cries of the cochers. We are very nicely settled in rooms adjoining each other, and have a good fire in the larger room. It is cold and cloudy in Naples, but we are hoping for sunshine to-morrow. Our boat sails at five o'clock to-morrow, so we will only have time to take a drive and do some shopping.

Now I must end this long letter and not weary

you too much. Give much love to Will and to our friends, in all of which Alice and Kate join me. I hope you received the message from Gibraltar.

Your affectionate wife,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

Mailed letters to you and Will at Gibraltar.

HOTEL KHEDIVIAL, ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT,

January 19, 1893.

MY DEAR WILLIAM :

Here we are at last, after two weeks' buffeting by winds and waves, in Egypt and in Alexandria, the seat of learning many hundreds of years ago. Well, the natives scarcely look, many of them, as if they had lived up to their ancient reputation, but I dare say they will be quite clever enough to extort many a pound from us without our being wise enough to protect our own interests.

It seems quite an age since I wrote you last from Naples, and indeed many unpleasant sensations have been my lot since then, besides a good many pleasant ones. The only day we had in Naples was not a nice one, being cold and wet. On Monday morning we found old Vesuvius covered with snow, and the streets of the city very wet from the rain which had fallen in the night. However, we went out, all the same, and wandered about the streets, admiring the beautiful things in the shop windows and occasionally going in to ask the prices of some of them. The streets

were as full of people and as noisy and fascinating as ever, so that we did not get back to the hotel till nearly two o'clock. Then we had some lunch, paid our bill, and departed in the hotel 'bus for the dock. There was the same tender by which we had come on shore, but instead of the tickets from our steamer, which passed us free to the shore, they wanted two shillings to take us back. We politely but firmly declined, got off the tender, and with the assistance of our hotel runner, and a small fee, found a boat to take us over for one franc each. We had a nice row and reached the steamer a long time before the tender arrived.

At five o'clock Monday night we left Naples, with the illuminated city on our left and Vesuvius glowing on our right. It was a fine sight, but was soon lost in the mist of a damp evening. Tuesday morning Herr Eicke called us at seven to come on deck and see the entrance to the Straits of Messina. It is only about one mile and a half wide at the entrance from the north, and nearly opposite each other are the two points called Scylla and Charybdis, with rocks or whirlpools between, which render navigation often dangerous. I never understood the full meaning of that old saying before: "Escaped Scylla to fall into Charybdis." The former still retains its old name, but the latter is now called Point Faro. The shores of both Italy and Sicily presented a very rugged appearance, and snow-covered mountains were to be seen on either

hand, but Etna declined to be interviewed and held a cloud closely about his grand old head. We saw our favorite town, Taormina, and knew that just beyond was the famous mountain, but although many watched long and anxiously, nothing could be seen of its stately grandeur. By ten o'clock that morning we were in the open sea, with great waves tossing us about as if we had not coaled up at Naples, and had plenty of ballast. I was very miserable all day and all night, for the rolling and pitching never ceased until Wednesday morning. Yesterday was lovely and it has been growing finer ever since. The sea was quiet and every one was happy once more, partly from that and a good deal from the fact that the captain had promised to land us in Alexandria to-day, if the weather should continue fine. It did, and at noon to-day we were in Alexandria Bay, under charge of a pilot who actually brought us to the dock and allowed us to land by the gangplank. To be sure we got into a boat again with our luggage, and were rowed over the bay to the Custom House by swarthy natives, who are as lithe, graceful, and active as cats, while at the same time they are possessed of prodigious strength. Just at this point the dinner-bell rang, and as it was already 7.30 and our luncheon on board the Ems was at 11.30, you need not be surprised to learn that we were ready to respond to the welcome sound. We had to go down to the ground floor, cross an open court, and then found ourselves in the Salon, where at the long table d'hôte

we found nearly twenty of our fellow voyagers. The dinner was very good, but not nearly so good nor so varied as our table on the ship, and after it was over, ending with Turkish coffee, we had a chat with some of those same young ladies mentioned in my last, and who may accompany us on our trip to the Holy Land.

We had no trouble with the Custom House ; none of our trunks were opened, but we were rather anxious about some of our luggage, as it was not on our boat ; however, when we arrived at the Hotel Khedivial it was waiting in the hall for us, and our rooms were ready. Your letter must have been to the point, as we find ourselves very comfortably accommodated, and have every attention.

As in Greece, men do the work of the rooms, but they are natives, dressed in their native costumes, baggy trousers, turbans, and all. After looking at our rooms and having a cup of tea, we took a dragoman and went for a walk, and saw many a queer sight. Such confusion and mixing of languages, people, and luggage, you never in all your life could have imagined, as that which took place on the steamer's deck, on the dock and in the boats, to-day, attending the landing. It was all so novel and amusing that we could not help laughing, even when we remembered that we might never see our dear bags again.

As usual, we came off in fine condition, sound in wind and in limb, and with more than half our wits about us, even after so much experience in

so short a time. Alice received such a nice letter from that guide, David Jarnal, who places himself at our disposal for March if we insist, or as he suggests from the middle of March to the middle of April, for the trip to the Holy Land. He says, as others have told us, that March is generally rainy until the middle, and that after that the country is much more beautiful, with foliage and wild flowers.

Now I must try to write at least one more letter to-night, and must bid you good-night. Much love to Will and to your dear self. Alice and Kate send much love to both of you, and will write soon. We all wish you could be with us ; these Oriental countries would please and interest you very much.

Your loving wife,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

Sent you the cable code "aboding," as we did not want you to feel that we had been so very miserable. We really had no storms at all, but a rough sea most of the time. They call it a very good winter voyage.

CAIRO, EGYPT, January 26, 1893.

DEAR FATHER :

It is just a week ago to-day since we stepped on Egyptian soil ; but it seems as if centuries had been condensed into that week.

Here is where the Pharaohs held sway and where Cleopatra reigned supreme in power, as in beauty, and to-day we have seen the road which

Moses is supposed to have taken when leading the Israelites across the desert out of Egypt. Now, there is a great mixture of old and new in the country. There is old Cairo, where people live as they did perhaps thousands of years ago, and there is modern Cairo, where everything looks quite European, excepting for the camels and donkeys in the streets, and the characteristic dress of the native Egyptian, Copt, or Arab.

We spent only one day in Alexandria, and during that day we made the most of our time, in order to see as much as possible of the city and its surroundings.

It is not probable that we shall return there, because we can get out of the country by another route, which will prevent us from retracing our steps. We visited the native part of the city, driving through their main dwelling streets and markets. The latter were very curious, and would have looked dirty and unpleasant to you.

The native Egyptians of the poorer classes wear rather scanty clothing. The feet and legs are generally bare, but some wear sandals; then there are cotton trousers which come either to the knee or ankle and over them is a garment similar to a shirt, only it is very long, extending almost to the feet. A cap is worn on the head, with a large piece of white cloth wound about it; this is called a turban, and over all is a voluminous mantle, one end of which is thrown over the left shoulder. Of course there is a great variety of costumes and some of them are really

quite handsome, but the one I have tried to describe is the most common.

The Turkish dress and Syrian costume consists of the long, full trousers, embroidered vest and Zouave jacket, with a bright colored scarf around the waist and a fez for the head covering, which is usually some shade of red. Some of these costumes are very handsome, and becoming to the owner.

From the markets we went to the Egyptian cemetery, and a more desolate spot it would be impossible to imagine. The graves are all covered with small white clay ovens, to all appearance, with a little chimney-pot at each end, and there is not a tree, a shrub, or a blade of grass in the whole place.

To refresh ourselves, after this doleful sight, we drove out of town to see some beautiful gardens, which once belonged to the late Khedive, but which he gave to a Greek friend of his, some years ago, as a mark of favor, or as our guide said "as backsheesh."

On Saturday morning at nine o'clock we found ourselves in a very comfortable railroad car, with our faces set toward Cairo. On the way, we were continually entertained and amused by what we saw from the windows. To be sure the country is flat, has comparatively few trees, and the villages are built of clay, but the ground was well tilled, and wheat, beans, and grass were growing in abundance. The whole country was dotted over with camels, donkeys, sheep, and goats, and

there were quite as many people to be seen as animals.

The villages were very numerous, as the people live in communities and are not isolated as they are in our own country. The mud huts were huddled close together and resembled the old-fashioned oval beehives. That was the only point of resemblance, however, for people and animals have their shelter in common, and the sights and odors of these villages are disagreeable to one unaccustomed to them. It seemed odd enough to be whirling along on an express train, which was really express too, and at the same time to be looking out at stately camels marching majestically along, wearing a scornful expression with their noses in the air, and bearing on their backs sometimes huge trusses of grass suspended by straps and an Arab seated on the top wrapped in his cloak. We saw donkeys, camels, and goats all quietly grazing together, and donkeys laden with panniers so large and well filled as almost to conceal the little creatures and perhaps carrying a man as well. Donkeys and camels are the beasts of burden here, and are well employed too. One of the chief diversions for visitors coming to Cairo is to ride donkeys through the streets with the driver running behind, pushing and whipping continually. Some of the donkeys are very cute and pretty and have a real knowing look.

The station at Cairo on our arrival was a scene of confusion, almost if not quite equal to our

landing experience. Natives clamored for our luggage, the hotel runners were everywhere, and the noise was enough to drive a nervous person distracted; fortunately we are not troubled with nerves, so were amused and not dismayed, and soon found ourselves in the great omnibus marked "Shepherd's Hotel." After a few minutes' rapid drive along rather narrow and quaint, but well paved streets, we were at the hotel itself, where we were expected and where we have been ever since. One has a view of pyramids from the car window before reaching Cairo, but it is a distant one and not very satisfactory; so the first drive we took was out to see them. There is an avenue arched by trees of fine size which is several miles in length, and which leads directly to those huge monuments of Egypt's ancient glory, and the scenery is quite picturesque on the way. We crossed the Nile and found it a large and beautiful river, with boats of all sizes moored by the landing stages, but it was hard to realize that the wonderful stream whose annual overflow has always created so much wonder in my mind was actually at my feet.

The pyramids are generally a little disappointing at first, because they do not seem as large as the imagination has painted them; but very soon they assume greater proportions, until all else seems as nothing beside them. I presume we shall find them plenty high and broad enough when we make the ascent. If the weather should

be fine, we shall attempt it on Saturday, and my next letter will tell you how we felt afterwards. It seems that not many ladies go up to the top of Cheops, and people look rather surprised when they hear that we mean to do it.

We have seen several old mosques which were quite interesting. The one which made most impression upon us was the University Mosque where most Mohammedans come to be educated. It is the principal university of Egypt, and the students remain from three to five years, or until they have mastered the Koran. We saw the students at work, sitting each one on his goatskin on the flagging of an immense courtyard, which is surrounded by the mosque, and they often sleep there too. It seemed rather inferior to the accommodations and comforts of our colleges in America. When a man has finished learning the Koran and can read and write in Arabic, his education is considered complete and he may then be a teacher or priest.

To-day we went out several miles to see an obelisk on the site of the ancient town of Heliopolis, or On, as it is called in the Bible. It was a city of about twelve thousand inhabitants, and was in existence before Abraham. The obelisk is called Pharaoh's Needle, but no one knows which Pharaoh erected it. It is covered with hieroglyphics, is sixty-six feet high, and stands in the land of Goshen. On our way home we were shown a huge sycamore tree which is said to grow on the spot where another tree of the same

kind gave shelter and a resting place to the Virgin on the flight from Egypt. There are many legends of this sort in Egypt, as in Italy, which are confidently believed by the people.

The sacred bird of Egypt is the ibis, and we saw many of them this afternoon. They are pure white, resembling a wild duck in size and shape, and do not appear very timid. We also saw that huge bird, the African ostrich, at home to-day, when we visited an ostrich farm and found eight hundred of them, ranging from two days to forty years in age, and in size from one foot to eight in height.

Cairo is a large and rather handsome city, and there are many interesting things to see here, especially in the bazaars, the native Egyptian shops. They are not as picturesque as those of Constantinople or Smyrna, but have many beautiful things which are tempting to visitors. Cairo lacks in coloring also, as the dresses are not so brilliant and the few domes are not so glittering as in Constantinople; but this has more of Eastern life in the constant presence of the camels and donkeys.

The Khedive is quite a feature of Cairo, for he does not hide himself from his people, as the Sultan does. He passes the hotel twice every day and has a pleasant smile and salute for every one; I have seen him twice. He spends each day at his palace in town, and goes out every night to his mother's palace, several miles away. We passed it to-day, and it is very unpreten-

tious in appearance, — has orange groves about it and looks like a gentleman's country residence.

We hope to leave for our trip up the Nile on Tuesday next, and will be away three weeks. Several boats went this week, but the weather is so cold I fear they will not have a pleasant time. We hear of very severe weather in America, and are glad to have escaped it; it is unusually cold for Cairo. Yesterday we had a severe sand storm which was so much worse at Alexandria that the steamers could not get into the harbor; consequently, our mail has not yet arrived. We hope for our first batch of letters before going up the river. Love to all the family, and especially to yourself.

Your loving daughter,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

CAIRO, January 29, 1893.

MY DEAR WILLIAM :

I did hope very much to get letters from home before starting up the Nile, but we go on Tuesday, and there will not be another American mail in before that time. We will leave orders to have our mail sent to Cook's care, and it will follow us. I have had four letters, one each from Gertrude, Lucie, Mrs. Lavin, and Patie. Since our wind storm on Wednesday, which reminded me very much of Eddy, the weather has been lovely. The air is bracing but warm in the sun, and is gradually growing warmer, so we will probably find real June days on our return three weeks

from Tuesday. We are very glad not to have started any sooner on that trip, for it was so cold that much of the pleasure of sitting on deck would have been spoiled. The boats which left on Wednesday were very much impeded by the sand blocking up the channel, and Cook's boat did not even get away from the dock that day. Of course the passengers dared not go away for fear the boat might leave without them. We smiled and said, "Our usual good luck attends us, even in Egypt." We have been making good use of our time, and our dragoman, Louis, this week, or rather last week, as this is Sunday. We have seen several more interesting mosques, and the finest and most recent is situated on the citadel hill. It is the mosque in which Mohammed Ali surprised and murdered the Mamelukes, and we saw the embankment over which one of them leaped on horseback and escaped. The mosque is enormous, and is completely faced, both inside and out, with alabaster, and is a magnificent and imposing structure. Looking at it from a distance it reminds me of the Church of Our Saviour, in Moscow. The sanctuary itself is carpeted with immense Persian rugs of great value and beauty. They could not have cost less than \$10,000, and probably more. In the afternoon we went to see the Howling and Dancing Dervishes, and I must acknowledge that when the creatures got really warmed up to their work in this religious ceremony, it was horrible. The bendings, twistings, contortions of arms, head,

and body, combined with the groans, grunts, and howls which accompanied the movements, made a spectacle which was simply indescribable. Inside the semicircle of holy men, who were going through such violent exercises, there were several dancers who turned about on their feet and with closed eyes and outstretched arms, at first slowly, then faster and faster until they made from forty to fifty gyrations in a minute. There was music, too, a flute and some drumlike instruments. We were glad for the performers and for ourselves, too, that the service only lasted an hour. Afterwards we went to the Isle of Roda, across an arm of the Nile, in a scow. It is on the shore of this island that Moses is said to have been found, but no one knows the spot, and the bulrushes all disappeared long ago. We had planned to ascend the pyramid yesterday, and as Alice had a headache, and did not intend making the ascent any way, Kate and I went alone, but with our faithful Louis in attendance. It is nine miles' drive out there, although from the citadel the other day it seemed just across a meadow. On the way we passed hundreds of loaded camels, and their keepers, who were either riding on top with a swaying motion, inevitable when on camel-back, or walking by the side of these stately ships of the desert. Arrived at our destination, Louis made all the arrangements with one of the two sheiks of the Pyramids, who selected our guides for us. They were not to annoy us about backsheesh, while away from Louis, and were to bring us back

on the same side and not take us down the other way. When all the promises had been made, with our skirts well tucked up we started, each with four attendants, one on each side and another to push, while the two extra ones were employed, one in carrying my wrap and the other bearing a water bottle, or, rather, stone jar. The steps are by no means regular as I had always supposed, but are anywhere from one and a half to three feet high, while some are but narrow ledges and others are very wide. The uniform appearance of the pyramid from below would give one the impression that it could be mounted like a flight of stairs, but instead of that our path was very zig-zag indeed, the guides choosing the easiest steps, both for themselves and for us. Our men were exceedingly nice to us, giving us ample assistance and allowing us to rest as often as we pleased, thus disproving the statement that has been often made that the guides always insist upon going up very fast and pull one's arms almost out of the sockets, to say nothing of the detriment to the clothing. We were very warm and pretty tired when we reached the summit, in less than half an hour, but we rested there quite a long time, looking out on two deserts, with only a long strip of fertile land between. It was certainly a view which one seldom sees, and although not at all beautiful, nor even picturesque, was exceedingly interesting to us, and one we would not have missed for twice the fatigue. While we were at the summit one of the Arabs, who had joined our

procession but was not one of our guides, begged us to allow him, for a small backsheesh, to run down Cheops, across the sand, and up Chephren, the next largest pyramid, and bring a bit of marble from the very top of it, and finally we consented. He did it in an incredibly short time, and when we reached the ground he was there before us to claim his reward.

When we were at the hotel near the Pyramids the standing space at the top of Cheops seemed to be about a yard square, but it is in reality thirty-six feet. Before commencing the descent one of my guides unwound his turban cloth from his head and tied it about my waist. Kate had the same arrangement. Then two men went before and assisted me down the steps, while the third held me firmly with his extemporized rope, and in a very few minutes we were again at the entrance to the great mausoleum but still forty-eight feet from the ground. As we were doing the pyramid we concluded to go inside and visit the king's and queen's chambers too. The same guides, now with lighted candles, assisted us down a passage only a little more than three feet high, where the steps were only shallow, smooth hollows quite two feet apart, and where the sand and bats seemed much more at home than we did. After going down some distance we began to go up, and it was a tug of war, I can tell you; but coming down was even harder, and in one place my guide took me in his arms and lifted me bodily. He had an armful for once, and I think

he appreciated the fact, too. These passages have an odor that is like nothing I ever smelled before, and I can get along very well without experiencing it again. The air was close, and we were glad to get into the king's chamber where two air shafts made life a little more endurable. Here is the huge granite sarcophagus which is supposed to have been Cheops' coffin. The walls are lined with great granite blocks, and now the bats are the only occupants. Of course we climbed into the sarcophagus, and as Kate's guide had said something to her about Mr. Cheops, we called ourselves Mrs. and Miss Cheops. On our way out we visited the queen's chamber, where a large sarcophagus once rested inside of one wall of the room, but as it had been removed to the museum there was nothing but the hole it had once occupied. When we emerged into daylight again we presented a very disheveled appearance, but Louis brushed us off and we let down our dresses, got into our carriage and drove over the few hundred yards to the fine hotel which was built a few years ago, and had lunch. After luncheon we wrapped up well to avoid taking cold, and came home, having had, as Miss Merriam would have said, "a wonderful day." The entire time from the beginning of the ascent until we came out from the interior was an hour and forty-five minutes. A gentleman who was there when we had finished said we were very brave.

Last night we went for a drive by moonlight and saw an Egyptian Fair, which I will describe

to Will in a day or two. We are going to have full moon on the Nile, and are anticipating the trip with much pleasure. I must try to write a few more letters to-day, but will deal only in generalities, as I really have not time to go into details excepting to my family. We have to study as well as see all these things, and letter-writing takes a great deal of time, so my friends must not expect to hear much from me excepting through you. Much love to you and Will, in which Alice and Kate join heartily.

Your loving wife,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

ON THE NILE, February 2, 1893.

MY DEAR FATHER :

During the past week I have seen and experienced so much of the wonders and antiquities of ancient Egypt that, had I time and a fluent tongue, I could not do the subject justice.

The more one sees of Egypt, the more one is impressed with the intelligence, courage, and perseverance of the people who once ruled here, and amazed at the wonderful work they accomplished. One glance at the pyramids will give a person a better idea of the power of the nation than any amount of reading could do, as I realized especially after climbing to the top of Cheops. At last I have actually accomplished what comparatively few women undertake. Last Saturday Kate and I made the ascent of the great pyramid of Gizeh.

We left Cairo at ten o'clock in the morning, attended by our faithful dragoman, and had a charming drive of nine miles, some of the way by the side of the Nile, which we crossed on a very fine iron bridge; then along an avenue arched and shaded by large acacia trees, until we reached the edge of the Libyan desert, and found ourselves at the foot of the mammoth mass of masonry.

Louis made all the arrangements for our trip with the sheik of the pyramids, stipulating that we were not to be hurried, nor annoyed by demands for backsheesh, and that we were to go and come by the same route. After tucking up our skirts and discarding wraps, we were ready to start. I had four dusky Arabs clothed in white to attend me, — one on either side, one to push, and one to carry my cloak, which it was supposed I would need when the summit had been attained. The steps are by no means regular, as I had always supposed, but are anywhere from one and a half to three feet high, some being mere ledges, and others very wide.

The uniform appearance of the pyramid from below would give the impression that one could mount it like a flight of stairs, but instead of that our path was very zigzag — the guides choosing the easiest path, both for our sakes and their own. Our men were exceedingly nice to us, giving ample assistance, and allowing us to rest as often as we pleased, — thus fairly earning the “good backsheesh” they implored us to give.

them when they should have arrived safely at the bottom again. We were rather breathless when we reached the top, but by no means exhausted, having made the ascent in less than half an hour.

Cheops is about 480 feet high, although different writers vary in their estimates. I am quite sure my figures are none too high, and every one who has climbed that vast monument will certainly agree with me. From the top, where the platform is thirty-six feet square, we had an extended view of two deserts, — the Arabian and the Libyan, separated only by a narrow strip of fertile land, which is a very oasis in the desert. It was a view which one seldom sees, and although not beautiful in one sense, was quite picturesque and exceedingly interesting; also a view I would not have missed for twice the fatigue experienced.

We rested nearly half an hour, then, before beginning the descent, one of my guides unwound the turban from his head and tied it about my waist. Kate's guide did the same for her, and in this way we made our way to the ground; two men to assist us down from step to step, and the third to hold us firmly by his improvised rope.

About forty-eight feet from the ground is the opening leading to the interior, and as soon as our guides had been provided with lighted candles, we entered a passage which descended at an angle of forty-five degrees and had only notches in the

rocks for steps. But for the firm support of the guides, whose bare feet clung to the stone and whose strong arms supported us, we could not have made this trip.

After going down some distance we commenced going up in the same way, and finally, after much exertion, reached the kings' chamber, where lies the granite sarcophagus of which Henry M. Field speaks in his account of the visit he made to the interior of Cheops by night. Night and day are the same in that vast sepulchre, for the darkness is so dense it seems as if one could cut it with a knife. With the help of the Arabs, slipping and sliding, we came down from the kings' chamber, and then, bending to traverse a passage about three and a half feet high and four feet wide, we entered the Queens' chamber, which is now entirely empty, the sarcophagus which was formerly in a hole in the wall having been taken to the museum at Cairo.

We presented rather a dusty and heated appearance when we finally emerged into the bright sunlight again, but were very happy that we had explored the great pyramid both outside and inside.

From the top of the pyramid, Cairo seemed to be almost at our feet, for the atmosphere of Egypt is so clear that distances are very deceptive.

Cheops is the largest pyramid in Egypt and covers thirteen acres of ground. Its huge dimensions are better appreciated when one is standing

on the ground at its base, although when looking down upon people from its summit they seemed like flies crawling along.

We did not visit the Sphinx that day, nor ride on a camel, but have reserved something to do when we get back to Cairo. We felt sorry to leave that fascinating city, but expect to have a month there on our return from the Nile.

Tuesday morning found us nicely settled on board "Rameses the Great." It is a large and very comfortable boat; it has two decks, which are inclosed in canvas at night and lighted by electricity.

There are a number of staterooms on the upper deck, but the space is mostly given up to the pleasant writing room, the dining salon, and the open-air parlor in the centre, which has handsome rugs, large easy chairs, tables, etc. We are on the lower deck, where all of the rooms open on the outside, and when we sit in our camp chairs by our doors, it reminds one of the patriarchs of old, who sat at their tent doors and looked out across the desert. It is not always desert, though, for along the narrow strip of land between river and desert there are many beautiful green spots and groves of palm-trees. I never realized how stately and beautiful the palms were until we started up the Nile. This is the home of the palm, and any other kind of tree seems quite out of place here.

The Nile is a most tortuous stream, and often changes its shore line from day to day. This is

why our boats lie still at night, as navigation is not easy, and without watchful care we might find ourselves on a sandbank at any time.

Last night we anchored about dark in the middle of the stream, and the full moon rose, making the scene indescribably beautiful. Tuesday afternoon we made one of the excursions from the boat, which are of almost daily occurrence, to see the ruins of ancient Memphis. A motley crowd of donkeys and donkey boys received us on the shore, and amidst much pulling this way and that, and shouting by the eager boys, almost the whole of our ship's company soon started on donkeys in a procession which was very ridiculous in appearance, and also very picturesque. I happened to be nearly at the end of the cavalcade, and was much interested and amused to see seventy-five people, disguised and disfigured by all sorts of horrors in the shape of sun-hats, winding along the embankment, which is the highway of the country, each with an attendant running along behind, alternately pushing his poor little donkey, or belaboring him with a stick.

My donkey was very amiable and easy, and so I had a very comfortable trip. We rode altogether about nine miles that afternoon, dismounting four or five times to view different monuments or mausoleums, and we were over four hours making the excursion. Yesterday we did nothing in the way of sight seeing excepting from the deck of our steamer.

The Nile varies from a quarter of a mile to a mile in width, and resembles in color and current the Mississippi. The shores are sometimes low and sometimes quite like the palisades of the Hudson, now green and fertile, with palm groves stretching along for miles, and then only sandy desert or sand hills are to be seen.

The fertile country on either side of the Nile is but a narrow strip, and then there is the Arabian desert on the east, and the Libyan on the west.

The scenery along the Nile is wonderfully fascinating in spite of these limitations. The river itself is full of life, with its numerous boats with butterfly-shaped sails scudding before the wind, filled with swarthy natives whose mantles float out with the breeze like small black flags, also brown sheep, and goats, donkeys, and even camels. Yesterday we saw them embarking some camels, and the poor beasts did not enjoy the prospect of a boat ride very much, judging from their motions. This afternoon we are lying at the dock of Beni Hassan, and about forty of our number have gone away on donkeys to see some more wonderful old tombs. None of our party went, as the trip promised to be a hard one, and there is a wind-storm going on which makes riding over the sand most unpleasant. Besides, these ruins are not nearly as interesting as some we shall see later, so we are content to wait a few days. Yesterday was a beautiful day, warm and clear, while to-day is cloudy and cold as well as windy.

We expect to be away from Cairo three weeks, and on our return there will finally decide about going to Palestine. There will be many days of riding on horseback if we take the trip we most desire to take, and it may seem too difficult to attempt.

I am looking now for letters from home, and hope to hear very soon from you all. Love to all relatives and friends, and most of all to you.

Your loving daughter,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

STEAMER RAMESES THE GREAT.

Sunday, February 5, 1893.

MY DEAR WILLIAM :

I wrote you on the first day of the month and gave you some of our experiences on the Nile. Since then the days have been golden, whether we sailed or rode donkeys, and every day we say "William must take this trip, for he would so enjoy the restful hours on the boat, when one needs do nothing excepting use one's eyes, and he would like the donkey riding ever so much." We always anchor for the night in the middle of the stream, as the river is so variable in its shores and currents that it is not safe to travel at night. The moon has been glorious and the sunsets more than beautiful. The days are sunny, generally, although sometimes misty, and the air is often crisp and yet often soft and balmy. I cannot begin to tell you how much we are enjoying it, and how often we speak of your goodness in letting us have this charming trip.

On Thursday at noon we arrived at Beni Hassan, and if you could only have been here to witness the scene! No tongue could describe it. Cook's boat wharf has stowed away in its hold a large number of saddles, which the natives are allowed to put on their donkeys, for the use of the passengers. When we arrived, there was wild excitement among the natives, who were fighting with each other for the possession of the precious saddles. At last some soldiers who are stationed at that place to keep the people in order, and some of our own people, took sticks and chased the crowd away. They retreated a short distance, with waving garments and bare legs very prominent, to return to the onslaught as soon as an opportunity offered. It reminded one of a flock of crows being driven from a cornfield, and indeed was a most grotesque sight.

After luncheon was over the sightseers sallied forth to inspect the tombs to be seen, but as a wind storm was in full action, and we knew how pleasant that was from past experience, we three decided to remain quietly on the boat. It was a short excursion, for the people were not gone very long, and an uninteresting one, too, I judge, from the silence that followed it, so we were not sorry to have missed it. Beni Hassan is the town which Mohammed Ali once caused to be destroyed, because the people were such thievish rascals, and the guide-book says they are not much better now. I can well believe it, from seeing them, and some of the passengers had to fight their way back

to the boat, because the donkey boys insisted on having more backsheesh than was their due, or the passengers willing to pay. We had a gorgeous yellow and red sunset that night, and just as its glow was dying out we arrived at Roda, the seat of a large sugar manufactory. There are a good many sugar refineries on the Nile, as sugar-cane is extensively grown, and forms the main part of the food for the country people. Quite a number of our people went up to see the factory, but we were more interested in a group of Arabs on a boat near us, who were preparing supper on a pan of coals. After the food was ready they all sat around the pan on the floor, and each one "stuck in his thumb and pulled out a plum." It did not look very tempting to us, but they seemed to relish it. After supper one by one they climbed down to the rudder of the boat, and tucking up their garments and rolling up their sleeves performed their ablutions, washing faces, mouths, arms, hands, and feet. After letting down their garments, and wiping themselves on their skirts, they proceeded to replace the outside mantle over shoulders and heads, and then attended to their devotions. They all seemed to be very pious, but while some of them were praying in a loud tone and kneeling devoutly others were grinning and begging us for backsheesh.

Friday afternoon we reached Assiout, which used to be one of the most important towns on the Nile, when the caravans of Persia, laden with beautiful stuffs, used to stop there. It is a fine

town now with a large population, has several consuls, and the American Presbyterians have extensive mission schools there. We found a number of steamers there and several dahabeahs all covered with flags, and one floated the American flag. The town was profusely decorated with red bunting, red flags, lanterns with candles, and colored designs for floating wicks. It was a very pretty sight, and all this gorgeousness was on the Khedive's account, who was to arrive on Friday night to open a railroad. We had a dance on board that night, and next morning, Saturday, at 8.30, we mounted our donkeys and started off to see the caves in the Libyan hills, where the sacred wolf used to be buried. I enjoyed the ride much more than the tombs, which were mere holes in the mountains. My donkey cantered beautifully, my saddle was comfortable, and I was actually sorry to get back to the ship. Some of our people were anxious to remain over and see the illuminations last night on the arrival of the Khedive, but the management decided it would be best to go on, so our time for leaving being twelve o'clock noon, yesterday, we started punctually. Another steamer arrived from Cairo just before we left, and we had salutations from some Ems steamer friends who were on board. Mail was received at Assiut, or Assiout, but there was none for us, and we were very much disappointed. Alice had a letter from Louis Mansour, our dragoman, giving us his terms for the Palestine trip, and as they are lower

than David Jarnal's, we will probably employ him. He has the best recommendations from Baedeker and people who have traveled under his care, and we like him very much as a guide.

Since leaving Assiout yesterday at noon we have made good time, and have led a very lazy life, which suits us perfectly. The weather grows milder day by day, and the vegetation seems to be more verdant and beautiful the further we go. Native villages are frequent; the palms are beautiful, the natives are as picturesque as ever, and wear even fewer garments, and the river is more and more enjoyable. Along the Nile they raise many pigeons for their manure, to put on the land, and many of the towns have more homes for the pigeons than for the people. For fuel they use the manure of the animals, dried.

We had service this morning, and the minister read suitable chapters about Moses and the Egyptians, which seemed very appropriate to the occasion. The people on the boat are mostly English and very pleasant, and we are very chummy with many of them, without knowing their names. There cannot be much formality on a donkey ride where everybody looks just as ridiculous as his neighbor. The ice melts very soon when one has to smile alike at everybody's appearance. Just now beautiful fields of wheat, with a background of olive trees, are on the west, while gray sand-hills are to be seen on the opposite shore with a foreground this time of palm trees.

Well, I must end my letter now. We will soon reach Dendera, but will not explore its sights till morning. I hear that breakfast is to be at seven, as we will need a good many hours to see all that is to be seen. Alice takes very kindly to donkey riding, and seems to enjoy it as much as any one here. We will be very busy now for several days, as we expect to reach Luxor to-morrow night and stay two days, looking at the temples, etc. Love to Will and yourself and all friends. We can get no letters for another week. We are almost out of the world, you see.

Your loving wife,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

RAMESES THE GREAT, February 8, 1893.

MY DEAR WILLIAM:

I wrote you last on Sunday. That night we had a beautiful sunset, in fact we have one every evening; each one is different, and all of them remind me of our painting of Jerusalem.

Monday early we reached Dendera. At 8.30 we mounted our donkeys for the two miles' ride over to the temple. The temple of Dendera dates back to about the time of the Christian era, and Christ was living in Jerusalem when it was being built. The temple was dedicated to the worship of the goddess Hathor, daughter of Osiris and Isis, and she was the goddess of nature. It was nearly buried under the accumulated rubbish of centuries until Mariette undertook its excavation. There is a great deal of excavation to be

done yet, but it is a wonderful structure as it rests now. It was built of stone, was of immense size, and had innumerable rooms. Each room had its name and use, and the hieroglyphics, which cover the walls, tell all about it. The twenty-four great columns in the portico are larger than those in the Parthenon, and are very imposing. The outside of the temple is also covered with carved figures representing gods and goddesses, kings and queens, and hieroglyphic signs, which tell the story of each one and the great things they did. The Egyptians were certainly a wonderful people in those days and showed all honor to the gods they worshiped.

Part of our way was through fields of wheat and peas. The peas are in blossom and look very pretty. Some of the children we saw wore no clothing at all, and some had a wreath of twisted grass about the waist and another on the head. One does not mind seeing these people with little or no clothing, for their skins are very dark, and they seem to be more like animals than human creatures.

We left Dendera at noon and reached Luxor at six o'clock on Monday. Yesterday we visited the tombs of the kings on the west side of the river. As it was considered a very hard trip neither Alice nor Kate went, and I rather thought of staying on the boat too, but at the last moment made up my mind to take in everything. We left at 8.30 in boats for the west shore and were carried to the bank by strong men, there

being no other way to land. Two men came for me; they made a chair of their hands and I put my arms around their necks, and presto, change! I was on dry land with no trouble at all to myself. Some of the ladies were carried by one man, but no one offered to take me that way. The donkeys were waiting, and with the usual scramble and noise we mounted, only to go as far as another arm of the Nile, where we had to go in boats again. The donkeys were also transported in boats, and each boy claimed his own rider. Now we had a long ride of nearly an hour, winding in among great red limestone cliffs, whose craggy heights showed finely against the beautiful dark blue of the sky. The whole range of cliffs is full of tombs of the great men of Egypt. We first visited the tomb of Rameses IV., showing our monument tickets at the gate. We entered the hillside by a long gallery, gradually descending until we reached the room where the great granite sarcophagus still remains, but the stone slab (more like a great boulder) is broken. The walls are covered with figures and cartouches telling his history, and are repeated over and over again. After seeing one of these tombs one has practically seen all of them unless a person is able to read the hieroglyphics without an interpreter. To an Egyptologist they would all have great interest. Some of the tombs are comparatively easy of access, and others are difficult because of the steep grade in going down into them and the hard climb in coming out. We saw several tombs of the different

Rameses, and one of Seti First, and then proceeded to the entrance of another one where our lunch was ready. A very nice lunch it was, too. Cook has capital arrangements for the comfort of his passengers, and I would always prefer coming up the Nile in this way rather than have a dahabeah. After lunch those who wished to get a fine view of old Thebes from the top of the mountain climbed up, the donkeys following, and those who did not care to make so much exertion went back the same way in which they had come. Of course I was one to climb the hill, and when I got to the top the view of the valley of the Nile and the ruined temples of ancient Thebes repaid me for the hard work and heat. You must know that we are actually having summer weather now. It was a very warm excursion yesterday, but I enjoyed it ever so much. I had a fine donkey and cantered almost all of the way back to the landing. We were away nearly eight hours from the boat, and about all the rest we had was while sitting on a rock at the entrance of the tomb eating luncheon, but I was not even very tired, and have been off again to-day seeing the ruins at Karnak.

The Karnak ruins cover about 1000 acres, although not half that space is worthy of a visit. They are the grandest relics of Egypt's ancient splendor that I have yet seen, and a great deal of the coloring is still perfect, although exposed to the weather. In one temple there are 134 massive columns standing, which are magnificent.

Mohammed, our dragoman, took six men as large as he is himself, and the seven men could just stretch around one of the great pillars. We have had only a faint idea of this wonderful place as yet, but mean to go there again on our way back. We are to see the temple of Luxor this afternoon, that is, Mohammed is going into it with us to explain it all. We have seen them ever since our arrival, as they are not a stone's throw from the steamer. I saw the columns shining out in the moonlight on Monday night and it was a fine sight.

Monday evening a note was handed to me and who do you suppose has turned up in Egypt? Mrs. Thayer. She is on the river now but on her way to Cairo, and expects to meet us there when we get back.

Last night the Rameses arrived from Assuan, and on board were the Bells and our fair young lady friends, who were all on board the Ems. We were delighted to see each other again and were soon on their boat greeting them. In the evening they came over here and they all confessed that our boat is the finest and has the nicest officers, and also a more genial, friendly set of people. They left at noon. To-morrow we are going to explore Thebes on the west shore, and I hope to be able to get the very same donkey again. My boy's name is Gossom and the donkey's is Seti First. The boys are all Mohammeds or Hassans, usually, and the favorite names for the donkeys are Telegraph, Telephone, and Yankee

Doodle Dandy. We saw some of the natives from near Sudan, and they really are nothing but savages, who wear scanty clothing and arrange their long hair in a wondrous manner. They came and danced for us this morning to the music of a sort of reed flute. The dancing was merely springing about a foot from the ground and turning with each spring. The only beautiful thing about them is their teeth, which are as white as snow, and as a rule very even.

If you only knew how hard it is to write letters! I feel so unable to tell of these wonderful sights that it discourages me from even attempting it. The Bells got a lot of letters last night which left New York on the 15th, and why do we not receive anything? Now I must stop. If you get any idea from this dull letter of what we are enjoying I will be very glad. Tell Matie Fox that her box of candy was not opened until we started up the Nile, and we have blessed her many times for giving it to us. Love to all, as usual.

Your loving wife,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

UPPER EGYPT, February 12, 1893.

MY DEAR FATHER :

To-day I had my first batch of home letters, and yours of January 9 was one of the five. We would have received them about a week sooner had we remained in Cairo. My last letter to you was written on the 2d, during the time when quite a number of our company were on land

visiting some tombs at Beni Hassan. The same afternoon we sailed as far as Roda, where a large sugar manufactory was the attraction, and, anchoring in the middle of the stream, remained there until daylight the next morning. Friday afternoon we reached Assiut, one of the largest and most important towns on the Nile. They were making extensive preparations for the reception of the Khedive, who was expected next day, so the town was gay with innumerable red flags, arches, colored lanterns with candles, and colored glasses for floating, arranged in all sorts of odd Egyptian designs. It was really a very pretty sight, and our people were anxious to remain over a day to see the illuminations when his Highness should appear. The manager sent a message to Cairo to that effect, but permission to stop was not granted; so after spending Saturday morning in riding out to the hills to see the tombs where the sacred wolves used to be buried, and in visiting the bazaars of the town, we proceeded on our way. Sunday we had service in the dining-room, for we had a minister on board. Portions of Scripture were read telling of the desolation which was to come upon Egypt, suitable remarks were made, and the service was a very unusual and interesting one. As the days go by we are more and more delighted with our trip, with its new and varied experiences. We are getting very fond of donkey riding, and select our beasts and saddles with as much care and interest as we bestow upon the famous old ruins.

Not that we can always choose as we would, for the boys pull us this way and that, and push their donkeys forward in a way that does not always accord with our ideas of politeness, all the time dinning into our ears the perfections of their own animals and shouting Arabic invectives against each other.

After getting accustomed to that sort of thing one rather enjoys it, but at first we felt a trifle nervous, not knowing what might happen if we resisted their importunities. Now we make our way among the ludicrous looking rabble with great confidence, pushing both donkeys and boys out of our way when they become too noisy and troublesome.

I never realized how much the river Nile is to Egypt until now. The people drink its water, they bathe in it, and in fact it is food and drink too, because without it there would be nothing to eat. The women come down at eventide to fill their jars just as they did in the days of the Israelites, and probably with the same kind of jars, which they fill and then carry away on their heads as easily as if they were mere featherweights. The shores of the river have been very interesting all the way, and offer more variety and beauty to the eye than one would think possible from the general lowness of the banks. When we are not off on some excursion, our life is so idle that we even lack ambition enough to write letters. It is an odd feeling of languor with which

one becomes possessed whenever there is no special inducement to exert oneself.

Last Monday afternoon we arrived at Luxor, the site of ancient Thebes, and there were so many ruins to see that we remained there three days.

The first day we started at 8.30 in small boats, crossed the river to where donkeys were waiting, and rode across the plain to an arm of the Nile, where both people and donkeys were transported in boats. Then we had a ride of forty minutes, winding in and out among bold, rugged, red limestone cliffs, which were outlined against a deep blue cloudless sky, until finally we reached the mountain side, where many kingly tombs are to be found. Some of these tombs date back as far as 1600 B. C. and are wonderfully well preserved. A long descending gallery, the walls covered with figures and hieroglyphics, leads into the hillside, and at the end of this passage is found a room containing a huge granite sarcophagus where some mighty king of Egypt once reposed. Each tomb tells the history and great works of the king who was buried there, and when explained by our dragoman, Mohammed, proved to be a very interesting and entertaining story.

It was rather fatiguing work to explore these tombs, so after seeing five of them and walking miles, we paused for luncheon at the entrance to another tomb, where we found cold meats, bread

and butter, hard boiled eggs, coffee, and fruit, more satisfying to the inner man than cartouches and hieroglyphics.

After lunch, those so disposed climbed to the top of the mountain for a view of the valley of the Nile, with the river following its serpentine course among the ancient ruins of once magnificent temples. It was a beautiful vista which stretched out before us, and amply repaid us for the fatigue and heat we had endured in order to get it. Thebes lay on both sides of the river, and must have been a marvel of beauty. All these great temples were dedicated to the worship of Egyptian gods, and no expense or labor was spared to do them honor.

The second day we again mounted on donkeys to visit the ruins of Karnak, on the east side of the river and not far from Luxor, where an anchorage was made. The ruined temples of Karnak cover a thousand acres of land and are the finest in Egypt, but baffle description. One splendid granite obelisk stands 109 feet high, and in another place there are 134 immense stone columns which measure 35 feet in circumference and are beautifully proportioned.

The ruins at Luxor are also very fine, and are being excavated more and more all the time, while new wonders of ancient Thebes are continually coming to light.

We left Luxor early last Friday morning and visited two ruins during that day, one on foot

and the other with donkeys, arriving here yesterday about four o'clock. We saw the sights before night, as we would have no other opportunity. Our boat goes no further than Assouan, as the river is too narrow, too shallow, and too rocky for a steamer to venture beyond this point. Tomorrow we go six miles further to reach the first cataract and Philæ, and for the journey employ donkey, camel, or train as we wish, and return here to-morrow night to be ready to start on our return trip to Cairo next Tuesday.

I feel almost sorry to be near the end of this ideal mode of travel, but all good things must come to an end, and so must this. However, the memory of these pleasant days will always remain with me, and besides I will have my journal, my photographs, and my pressed flowers to assist me in going up the Nile many years to come. Now that my first letters have arrived I am greedy for more, and shall watch the delivery of the mail at Luxor on Tuesday evening with special interest.

So my plans for a winter in Egypt rather surprised my friends in Aylmer. Well, I ought to be satisfied, for that was what I tried to do, and success is very gratifying. Loving messages to one and all, and the greatest share for your dear self.

Your loving daughter,
LIZZIE McMILLAN.

RAMESES THE GREAT, NILE,
February 14, 1893.

MY DEAR WILLIAM :

When Alice came to my room on Sunday morning and asked me what I would rather have than anything else in the world, I answered without a moment's hesitation, "Letters," and she handed me five. No wonder I was anxious to hear from you, when not a word nor a sign had been received from you since our parting in New York! Yours and Will's of the 11th reached me on the 12th of the following month, but we would have had our mail earlier had we remained in Cairo.

Since writing Will on the 11th we have had a charming time. We reached Assuan on Saturday afternoon at four o'clock. We found it a very pretty little place, picturesquely situated, just opposite the famous Isle of Elephantine. The coast about here (and the river, too) is very rocky and barren, nothing but rocks and desert, and this is where that noted granite quarry is which provided so much and such beautiful granite for temples and obelisks. Whenever you ask, "Where did they get this granite?" the answer always is, "From the granite quarries of Assuan." I have secured a sample of it, for a paper weight for you. Many of our people went over to visit the island as soon as we had arrived here, but we made a visit to the bazaars, which are quite curious, and I bought a riding whip for Will and a double war-knife such as they use in the Sudan.

Sunday we spent rather quietly. Had services in the morning, and in the afternoon a small party of us went on donkeys to see the quarries. It really was a wonderful sight, for the granite seems to be inexhaustible. There is an unfinished obelisk lying on the ground, both top and bottom imbedded in sand, and yet what one can see is over seventy feet long and finely proportioned. After we came back from the quarries we got Joseph, our Syrian dragoman, to arrange for a sailboat, and we went around the island. Mrs. and Miss Cochrane from New York were invited to go with us, and it was a perfectly delightful trip. The natives chant as they work, for they do not seem to be able to do anything without making a noise of some kind, and after we had rounded the lower part of the island the sail was let out and we scudded before the wind in fine style. When the sail needed reefing two men in gowns climbed the mast like squirrels, and while the boat turned about and these sailors were swinging out over the water they tied the sail down as neatly as possible and ran down to the deck as unconcernedly as if they had done nothing to astonish any one. Their toes are as supple as fingers, and they seem like a second pair of hands to the people who have never known what it is to wear a shoe.

Monday morning some of our party rode donkeys, and a young Scotchman by the name of Gardner rode a camel over the six miles to Philæ, which is a mile above the "First Cataract." We

went by a train which reminded us very forcibly of Sicily in its make-up and speed, or lack of it. It took the train half an hour to reach the landing, where we had to take boats to go over to the beautiful island of Philæ. The scenery all about there is wonderfully picturesque and very rocky. The rocks are piled upon each other as if by human design, and are of granite, basalt, and other varieties. The ruins are very fine, indeed, and occupy a great part of the island, which is as small or smaller than Elephantine. On one wall is a copy of the Rosetta stone, on another great tablet is recorded the deed of gift, bestowed upon Isis by Ptolemy, of this temple, and the columns and capitals are beautiful. We lunched in one of the temples and desecrated it by the clatter of dishes and merry chat and laughter, but those once priestly chambers must long ago have become accustomed to the presence of these sights and sounds. After lunch we got into the boats and rowed down to the First Cataract, where we landed and climbed up the sand-hill of the Arabian Desert to look down upon the rapids, and the Nubians sitting on logs with only a cloth about the loins, who were shooting them. It was wonderful how those black fellows guided their logs, sitting upright with feet straight out before them and paddling with their hands. After reaching a certain point they all made for the rocks and came up, breathless and dripping, to demand back-sheesh, as if we had asked them to risk their lives; and yet we gave them money and they were never satisfied.

We came back to Assuan by boat, shooting the small rapids ourselves, and it was exciting I can tell you. The current was swift and the river full of eddies, which twisted our boat about like a cork, but the man at the rudder knew his business, while the eight oarsmen did their work well, and when we were through the dangerous part they gave a hip-hip-hurrah as heartily as American seamen could have done it. We joined in it too. While we were shooting the rapids I dipped in a glass and filled it and then poured some of it into a small bottle I had carried with me for the purpose.

Some of our people left us yesterday to go on to the Second Cataract, and they will see the most wonderful temple of all, hewn out of the solid rock. They say it is rather dangerous to go up there just now, as the dervishes are very troublesome, and visitors have to be protected by a company of English soldiers. Any way, we have not the time to spare for that trip, as it takes eight days longer. The river all the way back to Assuan was quite narrow and very rocky. The whole country looked barren and lonely, and we think we like better the vegetation which is becoming more and more beautiful as the days go by, and as we are going towards Cairo.

It is now about three P. M., and we expect to be back at Luxor at six o'clock, perhaps sooner. The weather is not hot, but clear and beautiful. The mornings and evenings are very cool, so that we still wear all our winter clothing and find it

very comfortable. We will reach Cairo Sunday, probably, as we go down much quicker than we went up because of being with the current now and not having much sight-seeing to do. After we leave Luxor to-morrow at noon we will make only one stop, at Abydos. The ride on donkeys will take two hours each way and will try our mettle somewhat, I suspect. Our company are all exceedingly pleasant people, and we have very good times together. Some of them we will be sorry to lose, and some of them we hope to meet again in America. I was taken for an English-woman by an American ; was it a compliment or not? Several Scotch families we like very much indeed. We have no pushing or crowding anywhere excepting that which is caused by our donkeys and donkey boys. I dare say many wise things will occur to me to say as soon as my letter is sealed, but nothing seems to be in my mind now ; so with much love to you and all the family, wherever and whoever you are, and hoping to get more letters on our arrival at Luxor,

Your loving wife,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

You may consider this a valentine if you like.

RAMESES THE GREAT,

February 17, 1893.

MY DEAR WILLIAM :

Continued from my last of Tuesday, 14th. We had a delightful sail all that day, as the weather was perfect, and reached Luxor about five o'clock

in the afternoon. Alice and I went up town to buy some photographs, and became so much interested in our work that when we started for the boat it was quite dark. However, a native had been on the watch for us and accompanied us home with a lantern and never so much as said, "By your permission." He expected backsheesh, too, and of course got it, for the roads are not asphalt, and we were glad to have our way illuminated. Our boat and another of Cook's looked very attractive from the shore, and I don't wonder that the company consider it safer at certain points to anchor in the middle of the stream. When I got to my room I found such a package of letters, including yours and Will's of the 16th and 17th! We had a perfect feast in reading them, but were so sorry to hear you had taken cold on the way home. I was afraid you might have some trouble, after hearing of the very severe weather America had after we left.

Wednesday morning some of the people went to see the ruins of Karnak again. We did not care to go there as it is a very dusty road, but Kate and I went for a donkey ride, with Joseph to see that we came to no harm. We enjoyed it ever so much. At noon we left Luxor, and about four o'clock arrived at Keneh, where they said we would see a fine pottery manufactory. The establishment turned out to be a courtyard in the town, with one man moulding common clay into water bottles and jars. After turning out half a dozen the hat was passed around for backsheesh.

If there is one thing in this country which they know how to do thoroughly it is to pass the hat, whether in a small boat or on shore, it does n't matter. They are satisfied with such small sums, though, that we are quite willing to gratify the poor creatures.

Before leaving Cairo we changed some gold into the coin of the country, piastres and half piastres,—in other words, five and two and a half cent pieces, and have been prepared for all demands for money.

To return to Keneh. After examining the pottery works we rode through the bazaars, but the streets were very narrow and dirty, and the wares were not at all tempting, although rather curious. The best part of that trip was the donkey ride, and that was fine. That night we sailed until dark and then anchored in the middle of the river opposite a small town, and early yesterday morning were on our way again to reach Abydos in time to make that excursion comfortably during the day. At 10.30 we were off for a ride of an hour and three quarters to see the fine old temple of Abydos. A camel was laden with two enormous hampers containing our lunch, half a dozen waiters accompanied the procession, and there were nearly sixty pilgrims in hideous disguises who filed away from the ship. I do wish you could see one of these straggling processions. I thought when we first started on this trip that never was anything so grotesque, and yet habit is such a queer thing that I am not sure but that a well-ordered

equipment — riding habit, hat, and fine horse — would now look strange and incongruous to me. I had a large donkey, the largest I have ever had, and felt very fine indeed. Everything went well until we had nearly reached our destination, when, without the least bit of warning, the beast went down on his nose and I went over his head. My head struck the ground, but on being picked up and dusted I found there was no harm done. I got on again and proceeded to the temple, but had a different donkey coming home. This time I chose a small one so that if he fell I would not have so far to go before reaching the ground.

The temple of Abydos is not so fine in its general construction as some we have seen, and the pillars, although quite numerous, are not nearly so large as many others, both at Luxor and Karnak, but the carvings on the walls are the finest of all. The work is beautifully done, and much of it is in a fine state of preservation. Of course the temple was dedicated to the gods, and Isis and Osiris were prominent in all the carvings. The coloring on some of the designs was very bright, and this temple must have been a magnificent edifice several thousand years ago. The plain through which we rode was fertile and almost covered with beautiful green fields of wheat, and they grow a good many mandarin trees here. The weather is growing cooler as we approach Cairo. The mornings and evenings are actually cold, but it is warm and delightful in the middle of the day.

We have some new people who came on board at Luxor. One distinguished-looking man sits next to Kate and opposite me at table. We were curious to know something about him because he speaks English, Italian, and French equally well. It turns out that he is a count, lives in Rome, and had an English grandmother. You see we are a very distinguished party, having a prince, a count, a countess, and quite a number of good American citizens on our boat. A gentleman who sits next me, and who came on at Luxor, said he hoped I would tell him if I were a countess, and I said I could tell him in one little word of two letters, but that I was proud of being a plain American citizen. He is English.

This P. M. we will arrive at Assiout, and while some will be tempted to explore the town and bazaars, I have it on my mind to remain quietly on the boat.

Among the very nicest of our ship's company is a Mr. Manger, a widower and a very cultivated man, who has made himself so pleasant to everybody that there was general grief when he fell, about ten days ago, and slightly sprained an ankle. Before that was well enough for him to resume his sight-seeing, excepting by going in a chair carried with poles by men, he fell again and had some trouble with his head. He has been in bed for some days, but is about now, and is quite the belle of the boat. This morning several of us were sitting near him, when he began to tell about his trip to Jerusalem, which was so interesting

that it has greatly increased our desire to go there. He heard of my tumble yesterday, and was quite exercised about it, and being somewhat of a doctor, was making earnest inquiries as to my condition this morning. I assured him that no bones were broken, not even my head. I begin to think this cranium of mine must be as hard as that of the native African.

Cook's have their own saddles at all these temple towns, and they also carry with them about six chairs, so that people who cannot ride the donkeys may be carried. For the first time, Alice took a chair yesterday, and went to see the temple, like a queen, carried on men's shoulders. She enjoyed it ever so much, and amused herself during the journey by teaching her bearers English. She said they were very quick to learn, and seemed as pleased as children with a new toy. It is very amusing to see the ridiculous toys, etc., which the children along the route to the temples try to sell us. Home-made jumping-jacks, tops, slings, and rag dolls. There are always one or two little tots about three years old, totally naked, who are black and plump and cute, and are pushed forward to beg for backsheesh. Yesterday one little fellow got hold of the sleeve of our Scotch minister, Mr. Gillan, and came over the gang-plank with him. The funniest thing about it was that Mr. Gillan did not know the imp was there, and everybody was so much amused. I wish I could have you see these things as they appear to us, but no tongue could tell you, and

no picture portray to you, this strange, desolate, fertile, beautiful, and most interesting country.

Alice and Kate send much love, and are going to write you such long and interesting letters that you will forget how long it is since you have heard from them. I hope you are well and having a lovely time. Much love to all the family, whoever are with you and wherever you are.

Lovingly your wife,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

We expect to reach Cairo on Sunday afternoon, and will probably remain on the boat until Monday morning, as we are entitled to our accommodations here until that time. I am actually sorry that the Nile trip is so nearly over, and find it is the general feeling among the passengers.

NEW HOTEL, CAIRO,

February 21, 1893.

MY DEAR WILLIAM :

We arrived here on Sunday afternoon, and yesterday morning we received a nice batch of letters from home, yours of the 24th, and Will's and yours of the 26th. I was so sorry to hear that neither you nor Will is well, and think perhaps it would have been better if I had remained at home, and then you would not have had that long journey from New York, in such freezing weather. I am thinking of you now as breathing the soft air of New Mexico, and gaining health and strength every day and hour. Still better would it have been to have had you both here in

Egypt with us, although I dare say the three ladies in your party are as good nurses as we three are. I think your party very complete, and I hope and believe that you are all having the best kind of a time.

I wrote you last on the 17th, just before we arrived at Assiout on our return journey. We got in about three o'clock, and most of the party immediately secured donkeys and went off to explore the town. We did not care to do that again, so we waited until about five, and then got Joseph the Second, dragoman, to get donkeys for us and go with us, and we took a ride through the town and bazaars and almost out as far as the tombs of the sacred wolves. It was a delightful time to be out, when the sun was just sinking behind the hills, and giving a most magnificent coloring to the western sky and the eastern sand-hills, and do you wonder that we enjoyed it? I had a fine donkey, and quite reëstablished my reputation as a rider. I did not want to have my last donkey ride an unpleasant remembrance, and this one quite banished the memory of my tumble. Our friends seemed to think I was rather brave to venture again, but it did not strike me in that way at all.

Our boat remained at Assiout all night, and before evening another of Cook's boats came in from Cairo. We were in the saloon playing *bé-zique* in the evening when the door opened and a lady came towards us smiling broadly. We all looked at her a moment, and then Kate and Alice

exclaimed : “ Sarah Dart ! where in the world did you drop from ? ” and here was an old Buffalo friend of theirs. Perhaps you may remember meeting her at the Masconomo House the last time we were there. We had a very pleasant little visit together, and next morning at daybreak we were on our way again. We only made one stop on Saturday and that was where we spent the night. There was a sugar manufactory to see, but we did not go. Sunday was a beautiful day and we could not bear to leave the deck a moment for fear of losing some of the fascinating scenes, and actually grudging the time we had to spend at meals. Everybody mourned to think the journey was so nearly over and wanted to enjoy it all as long as possible. Early in the afternoon the pyramids of Sakkarah appeared, and then signs of the city. Citadel Hill, with the beautiful alabaster mosque, loomed up, and its tall, slender minarets were outlined against the blue sky. The gong sounded, and all the company assembled for afternoon tea and cakes before we would separate, perhaps forever. Then the boat whistled, and in a few minutes we were at our dock, and the familiar face of Louis was seen on the bank, looking for us. We knew that Cairo was very full, and thought we might all be obliged to remain on the boat until Monday morning, but the agent of the “ New ” was there and told us we could get rooms, so Louis came down and got our small traps, and in a few minutes we were whirling along the streets of Cairo, which seemed quite familiar to us.

About half of our people remained on the boat, some for their own convenience and others because they could not get rooms. We know so many people now that we could visit all day long if we wished. Quite a number of the Ems people are still here, and then the passengers of Rameses the Great keep running against us at every turn. Yesterday morning we had an appointment with Louis to make our final arrangements for the Palestine trip. We decided to go with him instead of David, and so he brought over his various contracts, and after selecting the one which suited our own conditions, Alice and I made two copies of it, and then we went to the American consul to have them signed and sealed. One copy was given to Louis and I have the other. It is a very legal looking document and inspires us with almost as much respect for ourselves as if it were a deed of large property. Afterwards we went to the bank and drew enough money to pay a third of the whole sum to Louis according to the terms of the contract. We are to leave here March 19th, and from Jaffa, which we will reach in twenty-four hours, our real trip through Palestine will begin. We are anticipating great pleasure from it, and hope that everything will turn out as pleasantly as we now expect it will.

We called on Mrs. Thayer yesterday at Shepherd's, but she was not in, so we have not seen her yet. Yesterday afternoon, after coming home from the bank, we sat down on the great veranda of this hotel, to read and discuss our letters and

to have afternoon tea (which is served free at this house, but is extra at Shepheard's, and they give us cake and hot buttered toast, too), when Mr. Little, the American consul, came up and joined us. He seemed to enjoy his tea as much as we did. He is from Kansas, and has often been in St. Louis, so said he was delighted to meet such near neighbors as St. Louis people. He has been here about a month, and we are the first St. Louisans he has seen. He is quite young, and has no airs, as yet, but may acquire them after a while, as he is much sought by all the Americans here.

We fully expected to find Mr. and Mrs. Harry Newberry here, on our return, but learn that Mrs. Dudgeon had a message to go to Constantinople instead, and left Cairo last Friday. I am afraid Mrs. Newberry must be in a dangerous condition, and am so sorry for Mrs. Dudgeon. She has been so brave and cheerful all the time, and was the admiration of all on the ship, for her courage. We learned to love her very much indeed.

Now what do you suppose we are planning to do for the next few weeks? and it is to be decided to-day. Take an apartment and keep house, if you please, and we are hoping that the Misses Coe, Choate, and Merriam will join us, if we do. At one o'clock we are to go with Louis to look at the rooms, and if we like them and the terms are satisfactory, presto, change! we will be independent once more. We can live in that way

for at least a third less than we pay at hotels, and be much more comfortable and have quiet.

Last evening we had at least a dozen callers, among our ship companions, and never got away from them until half past eleven. Then of course it was too late to write any letters, and I had to go to bed with at least a dozen people on my mind. Hattie Sawyer wrote me such a charming letter before she knew she was going with you. Thank her for it, and tell her she is a lady to suggest that she can do all the letter-writing. She has been over here, and can understand how hard it is to keep up a large correspondence. I have not been able to answer the letters I have received since leaving home, to say nothing of writing to those who have not sent me a line either of farewell or welcome to Egypt. Now please give lots of love from all of us to all of your party. I am sure Will and Martin will have a good time. Perhaps Will would like to have the donkey whip I got at Assuan for him, but he will have to wait.

You must have received our letters from Gibraltar by the 27th or 28th. They were mailed on the 12th, and that would give them about two weeks to reach you.

Hoping to hear good news of your health and happiness in a few days, with oceans of love for you and Will,

Your loving wife,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

CONTERET, CAIRO,

February 26, 1893.

MY DEAR FATHER :

It is hard to realize that a week ago we had not yet finished our journey on the Nile, for we have had so many new experiences since then that the time seems much longer.

Perhaps I mentioned in my last that we had drawn up our contract for the Palestine trip with Louis Mansour, dragoman, and then went to the American consul to have it signed and sealed. Since then we have added two ladies to our party, and as far as we are concerned, our arrangements for thirty days in the Holy Land are complete. Louis will attend to all other details, and all we will have to do will be to commit ourselves to his care when the time comes, and that time will be March 18th. A friend has described Louis in these words, which ought to give one a very good idea of his merits : " A Syrian by birth, a Christian by faith, a gentleman by nature, a dragoman by profession, and a circus all the time."

At the beginning of the week we conceived the brilliant idea of going to housekeeping in Cairo, and thus escaping from the noise and bustle of a great hotel. We interviewed Louis on the subject, who said our plan was feasible, and in a few hours he came for us to go and look at some rooms. At the hotel were four young ladies, who came over on the Ems with us, and with whom we had become very well acquainted. They were charmed with the idea of keeping house, and

agreed to join us if we could find suitable quarters. Well, the result was, that on Wednesday last we took possession of our apartment, and are enjoying our home life very much indeed. We are seven, and a very congenial, merry party, and have quite a number of friends in Cairo who come often to see us and take afternoon tea with us. We have four bedrooms and a salon, which serves as a dining-room as well as a parlor, and we are just as cosy as can be, and are actually dreading the time when we must break up this pleasant arrangement and move on.

The weather is perfect now, and the temperature is just right, neither too hot nor too cold. We are just opposite Sheppard's hotel, so are right in the midst of all that goes on without having to mingle in it unless we so desire. Our meals are very good indeed, and are served by the people of the house without any trouble to ourselves, and that is, you must confess, an ideal way of keeping house.

Some of us called yesterday on the ladies of the American Mission in Cairo. The mission school is very near us, and we were quite anxious to know something about the work among the natives. In this school there are over three hundred boys, and between one and two hundred girls. A good many of the students are Mohammedans, and one of the conditions of entering the school is that each child shall learn to read the Bible. In that way the seed is sown, and in due time brings forth fruit. Now there are sixteen churches in

Egypt, which have sprung from the labors of the American Mission, and most of these churches have native preachers. . . This evening we are going over to the service at the Mission, and perhaps next Sunday morning we will go to hear the Arabic service at nine o'clock. It does not sound much like Sunday outside, as, the Arabic Sunday being on our Friday, business goes on as usual to-day. I never saw a people who found it so necessary to keep up a continual noise as do the Arabs. They are never still a moment unless asleep, and are either shouting at each other, or else making some other kind of noise; so you can imagine the clatter when the streets are filled with native people. I have bought some small photographs of scenes constantly before us, and will inclose a few of them in each letter, in order to give you a somewhat better notion of things which I have vainly tried to describe. In a few days I hope to have had the novel experience of riding on a camel's back. I have already become quite familiar with donkey riding, and have enjoyed it very much, but decline to become any better acquainted with the buffalo.

Since we have no more temples and tombs to see, I feel rather at a loss for material to make a good letter; however, you must take this with the love it carries along with it, and believe me as ever,

Your loving daughter,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

CAIRO, EGYPT, March 5, 1893.

MY DEAR FATHER :

Yours of February 8th reached me March 2d, so you see that news may become rather old to you before it even gets to me. I was glad to hear that you were well and happy on your eightieth birthday, and by this time you have received my letter containing congratulations and good wishes for that occasion.

I had a letter from William yesterday written from Eddy, February 7th, in which he was very enthusiastic over the house, and the complete satisfaction which my furnishing of it has given him. His letter was three days longer on the road than yours, so if I wanted to know something in a hurry, a letter would scarcely answer the purpose.

Our housekeeping in Cairo prospers finely, and we have many friends coming to see us every afternoon. Fortunately, most of our sight-seeing was finished before we went up the Nile, so we have had time to devote to social duties. Now, however, most of our friends have gone away, or are going very soon, so we will not be so busy during the remainder of our stay in Cairo.

Last Tuesday we made an excursion to the Pyramids ; Louis went with us and attended to all the details for us. It is quite necessary, in dealing with the Arabs, to have a dragoman who understands their language and tricky ways. On our arrival we arranged to have our pictures taken on camel back, and by the time that business was settled we were surrounded

by camels and Arabs. We did not feel exactly comfortable, to find those huge ships of the desert looking down upon us whichever way we turned, although assured by their keepers that they would not harm us; but our sensations then were nothing to what they were when we gave ourselves up to the untried experience of riding them. With many an indignant grunt the camels were made to lie down, and one by one we were seated on the saddle; then came the tug of war for us. I will speak for myself and am sure of expressing the sentiments of all our party in so doing. My camel rose to his knees while I leaned forward; then his hind-quarters began to go up and I had to lean backward as far as possible to keep from going over his head. After a space of time, which seemed very long to me, he condescended to stand on all four feet, and there I sat, it seemed to me half way between earth and sky, feeling terribly insecure. But in a little while I gained confidence, and instead of feeling that my very life depended on clinging to the two horns, fore and aft, I used the stirrups as a support, and raised my umbrella to protect me from the blazing sun. After we were all in our saddles the procession moved through the sand down towards the hollow where the Sphinx has guarded the desert for so many thousand years. There we halted to allow the photographer to pose us for our pictures. The group certainly looked very picturesque as we stood there, and I hope a good impression has been

taken. We have not yet seen the proof. We were not particularly impressed by the Sphinx then, for the sun was very bright and showed off the defacement of the features too much ; but in the evening we visited the place by moonlight and were enchanted by the whole scene. The massive face looked calm and thoughtful in the moonlight as it looked out beyond us over the desert, while the size of the figure seemed infinitely grander and more magnificent by night than by day. The Pyramids, too, seemed to almost reach the sky as we looked up at their mammoth proportions in passing, and the undulating curves of the sand-hills were full of lights and shadows. We found it hard to tear ourselves away from such a wonderfully fascinating spot, but at last our faces were turned Cairo-wards, which we reached not long before midnight.

Friday night we had another excursion by moonlight up to the citadel to see the Alabaster Mosque illuminated on the occasion of some kind of Mohammedan festival. The mosque was filled with little starlike lights from candles and floating oil wicks in various designs, and the effect was beautiful although not brilliant. Howling and dancing dervishes were performing their religious exercises with many violent contortions of the body and head, and some of them entered into the business with so much fervor that others were obliged to hold them when the time arrived for a change in the programme. Such hideous looking creatures as some of them were, and the

holier the dervish the more hideous he was, and dirty also. As we came away the lights were being extinguished in a very novel manner. A man went about with a long-handled stick with a curved metal end, and inserting the curved end into a glass globe, blew into the other end, when, presto, change! out went the light. It seemed a very simple way and saved the necessity of going around with a ladder.

The view of Cairo from the citadel was beautiful by moonlight, and we came through some of the quaint, narrow old streets on our way home, which were much more picturesque and attractive by moonlight than by daylight. All the disagreeable features of these streets were more shrouded in mystery when not seen by the light of the noonday sun, and it was a very pleasant change.

We are all at home this morning, as no one went to the Arabic service at the American Mission, and the English service is not until six o'clock this evening. Two weeks from to-day we will probably be in Jaffa. Give my love to the family and all inquiring friends and relatives, with much love for your dear self.

Your loving daughter,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

CAIRO, March 12, 1893.

MY DEAR FATHER :

Yours of February 14th arrived here on the 10th, and I was glad to learn that my letter from Alexandria had at last reached you.

Since writing to you a week ago to-day we have not done anything very extraordinary and have not been rushing about sight-seeing, and yet every moment has been pleasantly occupied. One day we spent at the museum where all the relics and mummies found in the temples and tombs along the Nile have been placed, and we found it most interesting. Of course we could merely glance at each room in passing, for it would take months to study everything thoroughly. The mummies were perhaps the most curious of all, and it was hard to realize that these ghastly figures swathed in discolored rags could ever have been haughty kings or beautiful queens. Some of the faces were hideous, while others still preserved a dignified bearing in spite of the ravages of time. This week there have been quite an unusual number of processions; companies of English soldiers have marched by with the band playing national songs, and soon followed by a gay wedding procession. Sometimes the bride rides in a palanquin swung between the camels, one in front and one behind, and all covered with the most gorgeous trappings. Sometimes she rides on the camel, and her friends follow on other camels, but in every case the bride is invisible; either the windows of the palanquin are closed, or else there is a covered canopy over the camel on which she is sitting; after a while a company of native soldiers passes along, and their swarthy faces are generally finer than those of the English soldiers; they march wonderfully well, too,

and their uniforms are irreproachable in cut, quality, and cleanliness. Presently a shout is heard, and now when we hear that shout we say : “ There are some runners ; I wonder if the Khedive is coming ! ” and we run to our balcony to see what great personage it may be. Last night about ten o'clock the Khedive went past with his escort of soldiers all mounted on fine white horses. The runners were dressed almost entirely in white, so it was a very pretty sight by gaslight.

A few days ago some of us went to see the Mission School in operation. The boys and girls are in different rooms, and many of the rooms now have native teachers. We saw classes in arithmetic and geometry. Girls were doing sums in long division, and boys were going through geometrical problems, and judging by their quick speech and rapid gesticulations they understood what they were doing ; much better, in fact, than I did, for I am not yet very expert in Arabic figures, and never did know much about geometry. Some of the students have very bright, intelligent faces, and some of the little girls were actually beautiful in face and form.

Last Monday afternoon Mr. Little, the American consul, came to see us, and we gave him a cup of coffee made by Janet's fair hands. Our party are all very capable, excepting your humble servant, and we find it very convenient many times. We have just finished making five flags with the stars and stripes, which are to wave from the tops of our tents during our trip through Pal-

estine. We are justly proud of them, and hope they long may wave to show what the enterprise of American women can do.

We have had rain twice during the past week. Yesterday the rain came down in torrents, and when it was over I went out to see if the mail had brought any letters for us. The streets were like rivers and the mud was terrible. To-day is lovely and the sun bright, although the air is decidedly cool. The weather is changeable here as elsewhere, and while it is usually pretty warm in the middle of the day it is generally cool mornings and evenings.

Cairo's crowds of tourists are departing rapidly, and in a week or two more there will be none left in Egypt, but they will all be in Palestine. The boats to Jaffa are much crowded, and if it were not for Louis we would feel very nervous about our journey, which we begin on Saturday, the 18th. He is ever looking out for our interests, and has secured accommodations for us, both at Port Said and on the steamer from there to Jaffa. Our camping outfit will be ready for us at Jaffa, and from there we start on a thirty days' horseback and tenting tour through the Holy Land. My time will be very full then, and you need not look for many letters for a few weeks. Am so glad you are well. Hope you may continue to be in good health all the time I am away from home. Much love to you and all the family.

Your loving daughter,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

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HOTEL CONTERET, CAIRO,

March 17, 1893.

MY DEAR WILLIAM :

This is our last day in this most fascinating city. I am going to be very busy, and am consequently writing to you before breakfast, when I can be sure of being uninterrupted. I feel rather heavy-eyed this morning, on account of our unusual dissipation last night. It was one o'clock before I got to bed, and as 10.30 is usually my bedtime over here, there are several hours to be made up somewhere. I rose as usual at seven, yesterday, washed my hair before breakfast, wrote a long letter after breakfast, and at eleven o'clock Elizabeth Merriam and I presented ourselves at the American Mission, where a guide was to be in readiness to take us to one of the girls' Bible classes, which Miss Thompson has under her charge. We found a light wagon awaiting us, with a very steady old horse before it, and a native in nightgown as driver. We got into the seat, the driver mounted behind, as the boys in Norway do, and drove us through the town and a good way beyond the railway station, and finally landed us before a stone building in the outskirts of the town. Miss Thompson welcomed us cordially, and we sat down to see what was being done. It was a prayer-meeting, belonging to a society of women and girls, and the meeting was conducted almost entirely by the natives, who seemed to possess much confidence and a great flow of language. Although not able to

understand a word, excepting as Miss Thompson interpreted to us, it was very interesting indeed. The women seemed reverent and earnest, and quite willing to take part, either in praying, reciting passages of Scripture, or in making remarks. They wore their best clothes, and were very much ornamented with long earrings, necklaces, and bracelets, and there were some fine, intelligent, and even handsome faces among them. After the meeting was over, many of them came up to shake hands with us, and in that respect might well be an example to church people in America, for it was very pleasant to receive a welcome, even in such a strange gathering as that was. We walked home, and did some errands before luncheon, after which Emily Choate (Hop-pie) and I started out. I was going with her to her banker's, and she was going to help me select one or two more Egyptian spoons. We got back about four o'clock, and then Alice, Kate, and Mary Coe were ready to go and call at the American Mission. We called there and on some people at Shepherd's, and when that was done donkeys were at the door to take the young ladies up to the citadel for the sunset. Alice, Louis, and I went in a carriage, and our procession made quite a festive appearance as we went through the principal streets of Cairo. We drove up to the Alabaster Mosque, and then walked around to the further side, where we could have a good view of the setting sun, going down over the city. A soft, bluish, hazy light settled over the town as

the sun went out of sight, which was very beautiful, and then the afterglow began to spread and color the horizon with gorgeous effect. We stayed as long as we dared, but did not get home until seven o'clock, and then had to dress for a wedding before we could have dinner. If you could have seen the devices to which we all resorted, in order to make ourselves look fine enough to go to this high-up wedding, you would have smiled. You see our trunks have all been sent on to Beirut, and in them, of course, are all of our best clothes; but when we were finally arrayed, we really looked quite "expectable," as our Turkish dragoman used to say in Constantinople, and when Louis appeared at nine o'clock with a corsage bouquet for each one, and a mammoth bouquet of roses tied up with red ribbon, which we were to present at the house, we looked as gorgeous as any one could desire. At one time we feared we would not be able to see an Egyptian wedding, for already the Copt Lent has commenced, and the Mohammedan one is about to begin; but we found out, at the beginning of the week, that the son of a Pasha was to be married on Thursday night, so Louis proceeded to make plans for getting us admitted. Alice wrote a note to the Pasha, asking permission to come with eight American ladies to witness the festivities, and inclosed her card. Louis took the note, got audience with the Pasha, told him he had a very nice party who were anxious to see the wedding, and came back in triumph, with the words

“With great pleasure” written on the back of Alice’s note. Well, at 9.15 we started for the house of the Pasha, and, arriving there, were admitted into a huge tent covering a whole garden. The tent was very high and square across the top and sides, and was one mass of brilliant coloring. It was lighted with great chandeliers containing candles, and the band-stand in the centre was completely covered with long, slender, colored lanterns with lighted candles. The effect was wonderfully fine, and then the whole place was carpeted and arranged somewhat like a church, with chairs which were filled with men, principally, for no native women were there, only the strangers who, like ourselves, had come to see the affair. We were seated, and served with coffee, and stared at by all these hundreds and hundreds of men. After a while the usher who had placed chairs for us came and escorted us to the entrance hall of the house, and we were told to go upstairs. We found ourselves in a palace of magnificent proportions, handsomely decorated and having exquisite rugs and carpets and furniture. Enormous crystal chandeliers were lighted everywhere, and the rooms were full of women, none of them veiled, as no men were allowed there excepting eunuchs, and there were plenty of them, black as the ace of spades, for they were masters of ceremonies. Such gorgeous gowns as we saw there, and such grotesque figures as were inside them! There were Greek and Turkish ladies, Egyptians and many others, and it seemed as if all

classes were represented. There were black faces, brown faces, yellow faces, and white faces. On ascending the grand marble stairs we found ourselves in a great hall, on either side of which were splendid rooms. Those on the right were evidently drawing-room and music-room, and those on the left, the suite of the bride and groom. The first of these, facing the front of the house, contained a splendid canopy of white satin, heavily embroidered in gold, and on the raised platform rested the two chairs upon which the couple were to sit after a while. The back of the canopy was festooned with artificial roses, and a heavy gold fringe hung down in front. The next room was the bedroom, and the bed, canopy, and all the appointments were of satin, lace, and silver embroidery, while the toilet articles were numerous and were of massive silver. In this room were shown the toilet garments of the groom, and everything was of silk of the finest quality. Next came the dressing-room of the bride, and here we saw beautiful underwear and nightdresses, all inclosed in beautifully embroidered cases.

After inspecting all these rooms we passed out into the hall and across it to the drawing-room where luxurious chairs and sofas invited one to rest, and here ladies were smoking cigarettes, and little tables held all the requirements for this pleasure. On being offered cigarettes, most of us accepted, and both Kate and I smoked ours almost to the end. I may become addicted to the habit, and you may find me a confirmed smoker

when I get home, for it was really rather agreeable than otherwise.

About 11.30 it was noised among the company that the bride would soon be brought through the hall, and would be taken to the throne room, so we proceeded to the hall, and while servants and friends displayed many beautiful presents and proclaimed the donors, we watched and waited. Finally eunuchs came with lighted candles which were at least three feet high, and formed the outline of the passage reserved for the bride, and then she appeared. A lovely face she had, but was very pale, and fairly staggering under the weight of her bridal array, although supported by her two maids of honor. A crown of diamonds was on her head, enormous head-lights were in her ears, her gown was of heavy satin, court train at least three yards long, and woven in cloth of gold. Her veil reached to the bottom of her gown, and was a mass of gold embroidery. The edge of the gown was finished with white ostrich tips and orange blossoms. Her eyes were soft and lustrous, and her expression was sad; the latter might have been owing to the story we heard of her being opposed to the marriage. The man she has married has two other wives and is neither very young nor particularly attractive looking. When we next saw her she was seated on one of the two armchairs under the canopy, being fanned by one of her ladies, while her mother sat on the floor of the platform and spoke to her friends, and attendants with black faces and gay

apparel were grouped about. It was a most beautiful and picturesque sight. As soon as occasion offered we advanced by ones and twos and presented our bouquets to the mother, as we had been told to do, and soon after descended the stairs, with the expectation of coming away; but we were told that the groom, who had been to the mosque with his friends to pray, was soon coming, so we remained. I was one of our party who was fortunate enough to be quite near him when he appeared, escorted by his friends, and the priest offered a prayer before he entered the house. The groom looked right at me all the time. Perhaps he was afraid to change his gaze, for fear of being rattled, and when the prayer was finished, his friends gave him three cheers, — at least it would have been three cheers in English, — and he was borne away, and was last seen ascending the stairs, probably to sit in the other chair under the canopy. Then we came away, well satisfied with having seen one of the finest weddings that has taken place in Cairo this winter. Money was showered upon the bride, as she passed through the hall, and I picked up a piece, which is very valuable to me, although it only represents one and a half cents in government value.

Now I must write in my journal and to father, and pack, and meet the consul, and go to the bank, etc., so that you can easily see that I am not likely to have much leisure to-day. To-morrow morning we leave at nine o'clock, and every-

thing must be ready to-night. Since this letter was begun we have had breakfast, and have transacted a lot of business with Louis. I bought some copper things the other day, and have sent them along with some baskets we got up the river. I send an invoice of the things, and suppose this box also will remain unopened until my return.

I think it a very good plan your spending all your time in Eddy, and hope you will gain a great deal by the good air and comfortable and pleasant time there. Am so glad that you speak so hopefully of coming over in June, but would be just as well pleased to go home in October as in September. I really do not care particularly about going to Chicago, and you might take it in before you come over. You would have no trouble in making up a nice party.

Now I must end this awful letter. Do not be quite dismayed when you see it. Much love to Will and to you and the family.

Your loving wife,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

JERUSALEM, March 24, 1893.

MY DEAR FATHER :

A week ago to-day I wrote you from Cairo, not knowing when I might have another opportunity, but circumstances have favored letter-writing rather than sight-seeing, for the past two days, so you will hear from me as usual.

Saturday morning, the 18th; our party of nine,

besides Louis Mansour, our dragoman, left Cairo. It was with real regret that we came away from that fascinating city, but we had too many other interesting places to visit to be able to linger there any longer. We took train to Ismailia, passing through the Land of Goshen and part of the Arabian Desert on our way. Arriving at Ismailia at noon we took lunch before embarking on the steamer by way of the Suez Canal. The sail of about fifty miles on this wonderful canal was most interesting, for it is literally a water road through the desert. At six o'clock we were at Port Said, a very picturesque looking town at the junction of the Mediterranean Sea and the canal. There we spent the night and until five o'clock the next afternoon, when we left on a large steamer of the French line for Jaffa. The weather was beautiful and the sea perfectly smooth all night, and we were able to land at Jaffa very comfortably in small boats. Jaffa has no harbor and a rocky coast, so that landing there in rough or stormy weather is often a very troublesome and dangerous undertaking, so we felt that we were very fortunate indeed. Michael, our second dragoman, who had gone ahead ten days before to prepare for our reception at Jaffa, came off to meet us, and before long we were safely landed amid the motley crowd of natives on the shore, and were carefully conducted through the dirty, narrow streets, and to the elevated ground just back of the town, where we had seen the American flags waving from our encampment. We reached our tents about 7.30 Mon-

day morning, the 20th, and found breakfast ready for us. Everything was in order, and all we had to do was to take possession of our comfortable little houses. Each tent was lined with bright Egyptian patchwork, in designs something like the bedquilts which used to be so fashionable, — the grassy and flower-bedecked earth was covered with heavy rugs, one or two iron folding beds, according to the number of persons, were in each tent, and the linen was beautifully white, while the blankets were scarlet. There was a table with bowl, and pitcher, and toilet articles, also a silver candlestick and box of matches ready for use. A comfortable chair completed the furniture of the attractive little room. When we went into the saloon tent for breakfast we found a table covered with fine linen and set with nice china and glassware, and silver knives, forks, and spoons; in fact we seemed to have every comfort one would expect in a private house, and plenty of good things to eat besides. Of course we were delighted with our surroundings, and made ourselves at home. The day was warm and bright, and we felt that our camping life had begun in the most delightful way. All our horses and pack mules were tethered near the camp, and after lunch the saddles were put on and we went for a trial ride. Some of our party had never been on horseback, and were quite nervous, but every one bore the test very well, and after a while each person had a horse and saddle, which seemed just as it ought to be. Later in the afternoon we took a stroll

around Jaffa, and picking our way very carefully along the crooked, dirty, narrow alleys, which they call streets, we came to an ancient stone building of one story, which is said to have been Simon the tanner's house. It is now used for a mosque, and is empty, and anything but an attractive looking place. Out in the court we found old stone stairs leading to the roof, and mounting them we found ourselves on a flat stone roof with a domelike elevation in the centre, and all the other roofs in the neighborhood were just the same. The view seaward was very fine, and the sunset was glorious.

When we reached camp, dinner was ready, and soon afterwards we went to bed, as next day was to be the beginning of our travels through Palestine. Louis called us at 6.30 Tuesday morning, and by the time we had finished breakfast our tents had disappeared and the pack mules were being loaded. You can have no idea how much work it is to break camp, but those men, who are accustomed to that sort of thing, manage to do it in an incredibly short time. At nine o'clock we were in our saddles and leaving Jaffa behind.

Of course there were some delays this first day, on account of restive animals, slipping saddles, and nervous riders, but Louis was equal to all emergencies, and when we camped at Ramleh for lunch at noon we were delighted with the ride, the scenery, and with our able manager. Ramleh is said to have been the birthplace of Joseph of

Arimathæa. Our lunch tent was pitched where an ancient mosque once stood, of which the tower and some of the old walls only remain. After lunch we climbed the tower for the view, which was magnificent. On one side lay the plain of Sharon, through which we had passed during the morning; fertile fields and olive orchards lay between us and the hills of Jordan, while Ramleh was at our feet. In the afternoon we rode four hours before reaching our camp, and never did seven tents look so inviting before. Twenty-two miles on horseback, going at a slow pace, is enough for even a good rider, so you can imagine how glad we were to rest. Dinner and then bed was the order for that evening.

Wednesday morning the patter of rain on my tent was not a pleasant sound, and I wondered if we would go on or stay for clear weather. We were aroused at 6.30 as usual, and after breakfast decided to at least try to make half a day in order to reach a better camping ground. After we were once under way it was easier to go on than to halt, so we pushed on for Jerusalem, mostly up hill, in one of the worst storms I ever experienced; the wind was a perfect gale, sleet blinded the horses, and during the last hour snow fell in large flakes. Sometimes it seemed as if we would be blown from the road into the valley, but our horses acted splendidly, and before sunset we trailed into the modern city of Jerusalem, a wet, weary, and bedraggled procession. It was too stormy to attempt camping, and the hotels could

not take us in, so Louis brought us to this convent where the monks gave us a warm welcome, and we have been comfortably housed ever since. In twenty-five years of constant travel in Palestine, Louis says he never saw such weather as this but once before. Yesterday morning the snow was several inches deep, and the storm has continued with unabated fury until since I have been writing this letter. Strange to say, none of us have suffered the least inconvenience from our exposure, but we were fortunate in having had plenty of brandy with us, and used it liberally.

As yet we have not seen Jerusalem, but as the sun has come out at last we will probably make up for lost time to-day. This cold weather will not last long, and in a few days we will be enjoying balmy breezes again. The gardens and the country are filled with gay flowers, and only the hills of Judæa look bleak and bare. We will be here until Monday, and then expect to make a three days' trip to the Jordan, Dead Sea, and Bethlehem. We will return here for Holy Thursday and Good Friday, and start on Saturday, April 1st, for a ten days' ride to Damascus.

I have written this letter before breakfast, and it is not yet 8.15. Remember me lovingly to the family and friends. Your last letter was received March 17th, the same day on which I wrote you last.

Your loving daughter,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

FRANCISCAN HOSPICE, JERUSALEM,
March 25, 1893.

MY DEAR WILLIAM :

I wrote you from our camp at Jaffa on the 20th, and Will from here on the 23d, and am going to try to send you a missive to-night. We have been at work so hard all day that I am pretty tired, and will not be able to do my subject justice, but one thing I can say, it has been a most interesting day. I wrote Will on Thursday and detailed the experiences of Wednesday in the sleet and snow. Strange to relate, not one of us took cold, and we are just as well as any one could wish.

Yesterday morning it was still raining, but some of the party ventured out. I was one who remained at home, because I did not relish walking in the slush, but after lunch we all went to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, where there are so many relics of Christ, and remembrances of his life, sufferings, and death. It is a wonderful church, especially from its associations, and in it I really felt myself on holy ground. Just as we entered, the Greek Patriarch with his priests came in, and after paying devotion in the Holy Sepulchre, where Christ is said to have been buried, he was put into his sacred robes, and entering the Greek chapel was placed in his chair with great pomp and ceremony, after which the service began. The place was filled with pilgrims, and most of them were Russians, who looked as uncouth as they did in their native country, with their

bushy hair cut off straight, and their ugly frock coats. We spent some time in going to all the points of interest in the church, and then visited some of the shops where olive-wood articles are a specialty.

The streets of old Jerusalem (and we are in the old part) are very narrow, crooked, and dirty, and every little way are steps, and often a whole street will be under cover and vaulted like the nave of a church. This morning we started for the Mosque of Omar, with Louis and Michael, and a soldier as guard. We saw nothing all the morning to make us feel that a guard was necessary; the sheik of the mosque, who seemed to feel a great friendship for Louis, and who showed us around, was most bland and gracious to all of us. What is commonly called the Mosque of Omar is really a shrine, is very large and magnificent, reminding me of the gorgeousness of the Russian and Greek mosques in the beautiful windows and fine mosaic work, both inside and outside. In the centre of the building, under the dome, is the great rock, sixty feet long and nearly as wide, through which it is said Mohammed mounted to heaven, and on the top of this rock Abraham made burnt offerings. They show the footprint of Mohammed and the hand-print of Gabriel, and some wonderful old marble altars, which are said to have come out of Solomon's Temple. The real Mosque of Omar is some hundreds of yards across the stone-flagged court, and while very extensive, is much like any of the mosques

either in Cairo or in Constantinople. Solomon's stables stretch over a great part of Mount Moriah, and under the two mosques. These stables have only been excavated about two years, and are undoubtedly very ancient, and probably were the real stables belonging to Solomon. There would have been plenty of room for several thousand horses in those large and numerous vaults.

After coming up from the stables we walked along the city wall a short distance, and looking out between the turrets saw the Mount of Olives, with Gethsemane on one side lower down and the Valley of Jehoshaphat in the foreground. We were shown the place where the Pool of Siloam is and where the Pool of Bethesda used to be. The walls of Jerusalem are irregular in form and very high, but the distance around is only about two and a half miles. Some of our party walked nearly around them this afternoon. On our way home this morning we stopped at the Sisters of Zion Convent, and were shown the corner stone of Pilate's house, and then were led to the roof for the view of the city, which was very fine. Today has been a beautiful day and actually hot in the sun. It seemed very odd to see the boys making snowballs in the streets, and to feel the balmy air at the same time. Some of the distant hills look quite white, but the snow has all gone from the city, excepting in corners. After lunch we went to Mount Zion. You might think it a long way off, but it took us only a few minutes to reach the place where David is said to be

buried, and in the upper room of this building we saw the place where the Last Supper was laid. Some distance further on we came to the site of the house of Caiaphas, and where Christ was imprisoned. This morning we traversed Via Dolorosa, the street where are seven stations, detailing Christ's sufferings on the way to the crucifixion. The street itself is arched and gloomy, and not very clean, especially just now when there has been so much rain and snow, and when so many pilgrims are in the city.

To-morrow morning we are to have breakfast at six o'clock, and then go to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre to witness the ceremonials of Palm Sunday. We will be occupied there until about ten, then back to lunch at eleven, and at twelve our horses will be here and we will ride over to Bethlehem and back before evening. Dinner we will take in camp, and on Monday morning will start for Jericho, Jordan, and the Dead Sea. We are hoping for good weather, and it looks clear, so we will hope for the best. I have to pack my traps to-night, as the luggage will be taken over to the camp while we are in church to-morrow. We will return to Jerusalem on Wednesday night, and spend Holy Thursday and Good Friday here, and on Saturday start for Damascus.

Give my love to all friends, and remember me warmly to Dr. Smith and Mr. McCool. Much love to Will and to you.

Your loving wife,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

IN CAMP, OPPOSITE THE DAMASCUS GATE,
JERUSALEM, March 31, 1893.

MY DEAR WILLIAM :

Since my last letter on the 25th I have been too much occupied to write, and when you hear of all our experiences you will think we have had enough to do and are very tough besides. I am writing in my tent before breakfast, and this is Good Friday, and the sun is shining. I mention this latter fact because it has been the exception for the sun to shine during the past two weeks, and we are all very thankful to see it. Louis says the weather is finished now, and by that he means that we are to have good weather.

I wrote you on Saturday, and as the next day was Palm Sunday we rose at five o'clock, and a little after six were in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre to hear and see the service. Louis got a place for us in the Greek Chapel directly opposite the entrance to the Holy Sepulchre where everything took place, and as we were about six feet above the floor we had a splendid view. We stood for three hours looking at rites and ceremonies, processions, gorgeous gowns, etc., and were very much interested, but I cannot attempt to describe it. You have seen Catholic services, and so can imagine something of its gorgeousness, and the palm branches were very prominent in the service. After our return to the Hospice we got ready to leave, and after luncheon at 11.30 we started about 12.30 on horseback for Bethlehem. It was very pleasant when we started,

and we had a delightful ride over the six miles of hill and dale between Jerusalem and Bethlehem. The town is beautifully situated on a hill, but, as usual, distance lent enchantment, for on entering the narrow streets we found them just as dirty and smelly as any of the other Palestine villages. It is a town of about 7000 inhabitants, closely built, the houses all being crowded upon each other until one reaches the market place, just by the old Church of the Nativity. In this ancient building where the Greeks, Latins, and Armenians each have their separate chapel, and even then must have soldiers to keep the peace, we found a corner away from all the rest, where Christ was born and cradled in a manger. One cannot help having a feeling of awe and of tenderness also, when standing in this sacred place. We entered and retired reverently, and then were taken to another chapel not far away, which is called the "Milk Grotto." It is the place where Mary hid herself awhile after the birth of Christ, and the story is told how a drop of her milk fell upon the floor and whitened the whole place. Afterwards we walked along a lane to the outskirts of the town, and from this elevation looked down upon the Shepherds' Field, where the shepherds watched their flocks by night, when Christ was born in Bethlehem of Judæa, in the City of David, and where Ruth gleaned in the field of Boaz. The two fields were almost side by side. By the time we were ready to start for Jerusalem it was raining, so we donned our rubbers and

waterproofs and returned to camp in the rain. Our luggage had been sent over from the Hospice, so we were soon settled and eating a good dinner, and glad enough to be back in camp. That night the heavens were opened, and thunder rolled and the wind blew great guns. The wind can blow in Palestine, as we have reason to know, and when it rains the harder the wind blows. Monday morning the storm was still raging, so we concluded there was nothing to do but to stay where we were. It was a fearful day and seemed to grow worse instead of better, but Tuesday morning, although it was still raining, Louis said we had better start for Jericho, so during a lull we got off at nine o'clock. It rained for a couple of hours, as we passed Gethsemane, the Mount of Olives, and Bethany, in our windings down the hills to the valley of Jericho. We literally went down to Jericho, for it was down hill most of the way. At noon we halted for lunch at the Samaritan Inn, on a hill, and while there is nothing left of the original inn where the Good Samaritan carried the poor man who had been robbed and left for dead by the wayside, there is a large inclosure with a high stone wall and one end covered. Horses and people all entered this large courtyard, and we found a table spread with our lunch, which looked very inviting.

The afternoon was lovely, sunny, and warm, and while the road was not very good some of the way, we got along splendidly. They are building a carriage road which will be complete before

long, from Jerusalem to Jericho, and perhaps to the Jordan and the Dead Sea too. I am sure it is needed badly enough. Near the end of our journey we came to the Brook Cherith, where Elijah was fed by the ravens. We were on top of a hill where we looked down about five hundred feet into a gorge, where the river rushed between the banks, and the view all around was magnificent. On the left was this wild gorge, and to the right the hills were soft and hazy in the afternoon light, and we could see a portion of the Dead Sea, which looked as blue as the Mediterranean. In front stretched the valley, with Jericho, or where it once stood, in the distance. When we reached the valley we had to ford the river, and what seemed a mere thread of silver, in looking down upon it, turned out to be a turbulent stream twenty or thirty feet wide, very rapid and with steep, stony banks. It was quite an exciting time getting over, for Louis and his men shouted continually, the horses and their riders were nervous, and we felt as if we wished we had n't come. However, all went well, and soon we were climbing the winding road around the hills, until at last the welcome tents appeared before us. We had a beautiful sunset and a delicious dinner. How they manage to get so far ahead of us, and to have everything ready on our arrival, is one of the wonders to which we do not get accustomed, but it is very delightful. The baggage goes on while we halt for lunch, and during this time all the work is accomplished. We had a very comfort-

able night, and next morning the sun was shining, but it did not last long. At nine we were off, leaving the camp behind, for Jericho, the Dead Sea, and the River Jordan.

Our road was by many a winding path, for of highroads there were none. Up hill and down hill, and over rocky streams we went for half an hour or more until we entered the little miserable village which stands on the site of ancient Jericho. Bedouin tents and Arab huts were near together, and a small, forlorn looking hotel stood ready to take in the innocent traveler. We did not stop, as we saw all we wanted to see of the place from our saddles. Not long after we had passed by Jericho the thunderstorm broke, but we were ready for it, and would not have minded it if the valley had not been of white clay, which soon became very sticky as well as very slippery. I would not have believed that the company could go up and down such awful places as we did. Once we had to dismount and walk down a bad place. The trip to the Dead Sea, which usually takes two hours, took us three and a half, and when we arrived there was not a place to sit or stand excepting on the pebbly beach. The whole plain is the most desolate place you ever saw, not excepting the Yuma Desert,—nothing growing but a few stunted shrubs, and the rest a dreary waste of white clay which would have been dust on a dry, hot day. The usual accompaniments to a trip to the Dead Sea, dust and great heat, we did not have, but the wind was awful. We

looked at the sea from our saddles, and it looked gray and sullen, with good-sized waves rolling in with a desolate sound. We were glad to leave it behind, and make for the Jordan, without waiting for lunch. We rode through a brook-path all the way, another hour and a half, and finally reached the banks of the famous river, now swollen to more than twice its usual size by the heavy rains. Here the lunch tent was pitched and we were fortunate enough to have no rain there. The banks were lined with shrubs and bushes and a few good-sized trees, while the valley was quite green and had plenty of wild flowers blooming in it.

We went back to camp by a different route, thus avoiding the bad road of the morning. We passed and met many pilgrims on their way to and from the Jordan, and saw some of them bathing in it. We had a Bedouin guard from the time of leaving Jerusalem until we got back, as they say it is not safe to travel in this country without one. He was a very handsome man, with a fine horse, and took good care of us. It was pleasant to get back to our comfortable camp after such a hard day, but we all stood it finely.

Yesterday morning we broke camp and started at 8.30 for Jerusalem. The day was beautiful. We rode five hours, lunched at the Apostles' Fountain, and then came on to Bethany, where we stopped to see the Fount of Lazarus and the burial place of Mary and Martha. Then we climbed the hill to the Mount of Olives, got a

view of Jerusalem from it, then went down to Gethsemane, and then to camp.

We went this afternoon to the wailing place of the Jews. This service occurs every Friday afternoon, by an old wall, which is said to have been a part of the ancient temple. It was quite a curious sight, to see them waving their bodies back and forth and uttering wailing sounds as they mourn over the desolation which has come to the Jews.

I am trying to finish this so that we may take it to the post this morning, and they are waiting for me. So with much love to you and to all friends and to Will, from the Fishers and me,

Your loving wife,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

We are all well, and are to start to-morrow on a ten days' trip to Damascus.

JENIN, PALESTINE, April 4, 1893.

MY DEAR WILLIAM:

I am sitting at my tent door, a candle on a stool to light my paper, and the sounds of the camp in my ears. Our tents are in a circle, and Japanese lanterns lend a mysterious light to the place. The dining saloon is almost opposite to me, and I see that dinner is nearly ready. We have earned a rest, for we have come about twenty miles over the hills and mountains of Samaria, and have been nearly eight hours in the saddle. Traveling in Palestine is not mere child's play, I can tell you, but we are a plucky set of

women, and are doing things in the equestrian line every day which we would have deemed quite impossible a few weeks ago.

Dinner was announced just here, and there was no delay from our nine in responding to the call. It is perfectly astonishing how well Alice stands the riding. She seems quite as fresh as any of us at the end of each day, and I must confess that I had my doubts about her being able to stand the trip. We have a great deal of fun. Miss Dodge is very bright, and she and Kate are sharp-shooting continually, which affords us all a great deal of amusement.

I was so disappointed not to get any letters at Jerusalem! We only arranged to have one mail sent there, knowing how irregular the mails are in this country, but on our return from Jericho we could not get anything on Friday because it was Good Friday, nor on Saturday because it was the day before Easter, so there was nothing to do but to give directions to have our mail sent on to Damascus.

We broke camp on Saturday morning, April 1st, and set off on the real cross country journey. If you could see the only highway which is between Jerusalem and Damascus, you would wonder that I am alive to tell the tale. Only a bridle path at most, and of the worst kind. Your imagination, however vivid it may be, can picture nothing to equal it. The trail up the mountain at Chamouni was a marble floor beside this. Rocks so thick that it seems more like the bed

of a dried up stream, than anything else, and it has been like going up and down stairs, and by no means shallow steps, either. Up and down over the hills of Judæa and Samaria have we gone in this way for four days. You can easily see that to cover eighteen or twenty miles at a snail's pace we must be many hours in the saddle, and yet we have stood it splendidly, are all well, have good appetites for all the good things Louis provides for us, and are enjoying ourselves and the sight-seeing very much. It is such an interesting country and the views are so fine, that there is always something pleasant to think and talk about.

Saturday night we camped at Bethel, the place where Jacob saw the ladder with the angels ascending and descending on it. Sunday we lunched at Shiloh. Nothing remains of that place but the ruins of an old church on one hill and a small sanctuary on another, and this latter place is said to be where the ark of the Lord rested for three hundred years. Our lunch tent was pitched there, and we explored the dark interior, where four marble pillars remain standing. The hills of Judæa are stony and bare, with not a tree to be seen, but those of Samaria are green and fertile, and great olive and fig orchards cover the hillsides, while the valleys are beautiful with growing grain and many-colored wild flowers. It was among these valleys that Jacob's flocks fed, and I have seen the real descendants of those same flocks, still feeding in these same valleys.

We have passed a good many towns perched on hilltops, and they always look better from a distance. Sunday night's camp was at Hawara, where we had a fine prospect from our tent doors. Yesterday we stopped on our way to Shechem to see Jacob's Well, where Christ conversed with the woman of Samaria. We descended quite a long flight of stairs and found the well in a small stone building. It is seventy feet deep, the stone curb looks ancient, and the water is very sweet and good. They say that this well is really authentic, and that it is the only place in Palestine where one can draw a circle inclosing twenty feet, and be sure that Christ ever stepped within that circle.

A short ride from Jacob's Well brought us to the old town of Shechem. It is a very quaint old place, with arched streets and bazaars and an old mosque. We went into the old Samaritan Church, and saw the parchment copy of the Pentateuch. The country around Shechem is very pretty, and has eighty springs. We stopped for lunch a little beyond Shechem, near an old flour mill, and had a nice lunch and rest. In the afternoon we made Samaria by many ups and downs and twists and turns. We camped on the hill above what is left of the town, and among the ruins of what was once Herod's palace. Many stone and granite pillars are still standing, but they are all that remain of what was once a magnificent palace, with beautiful grounds. Some of us climbed the western hill for the sunset, and

were rewarded in another way as well, for our trouble. The hill stands in the centre of the valley, and commands a view of valley and mountains on all sides. It was indeed a splendid situation for a palace. This morning we were off at 8.30 and first made a circuit of the hill, to see how fine it must have been at one time. Then we descended by a rocky, slippery path, and as soon as we were down, commenced going up again. We kept that up all day, excepting when we were on the plain, and then the mud was so deep that we were afraid of being mired. There has been so much rain here this spring that the level roads are very bad. We generally get up at 6.30 and leave for new pastures about 8.30, but to-morrow will be a hard day, and as we want to get to Nazareth early enough to see the sights before dark, we have asked Louis to call us at 5.30, so we can get off by 7.30. You see it takes time to break up camp, and while we are at breakfast Louis and his men are hard at work, getting the tents rolled up, the beds packed away, and the packages put on the pack mules. We have nineteen men and forty-one animals in our caravan; then Louis and Michael and nine women. Our horses are very good indeed. They are not remarkable for good looks, but for use. They are generally good walkers, and sure footed, and that is more necessary than speed on a trip of this kind. Still, they can travel very well indeed when the roads are suitable. It is about ten o'clock and my candle is almost burned out, so I will have

to close my letter. It will be mailed to-morrow evening at Nazareth. We do not have many more chances for mailing letters until we reach Damascus about the 12th or 13th. Our arrival there will depend upon ourselves and how we bear the journey. If any one should be sick, we would have to rest a day, otherwise we expect to push on every day, and make an average of eighteen miles a day.

Give much love to Will, and accept a great deal for your dear self. Alice and Kate send love to both of you. Love to all friends, and remembrances to the girls.

Your loving wife,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

IN CAMP AT NAZARETH,
April 6, 1893.

MY DEAR WILL :

I wonder how it would seem to get some letters from home. We have had nothing since leaving Cairo, on the 18th of March, and cannot get anything until the 12th or 13th at Damascus, and perhaps not then. I wrote your father on Tuesday night from Jenin, but it will be mailed at the same time as this. There may not be another chance for mailing letters until we reach Damascus, so I concluded to send you a line telling of our thrilling experience and hairbreadth escapes yesterday. We got started, with the whole caravan in front of us, at 7.45. We first crossed the Plain of Jezreel, which is rather soft, but not

so bad as we had feared it would be. This is the plain where so many battles with the Philistines were fought, about which you used to be so fond of hearing. Then we came to the town of Jezreel, where Ahab had his ivory house, and where he and his wife Jezebel met such a terrible although deserved fate. The poverty-stricken stone huts of the town had nothing about them to remind one of ivory palaces. After that our troubles began, as the next plain was full of bogs and marshy places, owing to the recent heavy rains. One by one the pack mules sank in the mud under their burdens, and were unable to rise until the load was taken off. As the presence of Louis was needed all the time, of course we had to wait until all the train was safely over the bad place, before we attempted it ourselves, and once or twice some of us came near being mired. Miss Merriam's horse went in almost up to his tail, and Elizabeth sat calmly on his back and said, "Michael, do you think I had better get off?" but she did not have to, for Michael pulled her out all right. A few days ago, while we were standing still on horseback, Kate's horse calmly sat down, with the intention of rolling, and Kate stepped off. We all laughed a great deal at her, but yesterday Mrs. Aiken's horse did the same thing. I wonder if horses could n't be taught, as camels are, to lie down for ladies to mount and dismount. It would save Louis a good deal of trouble, as he insists on our mounting from the ground and having some style about us. Well,

we kept on going up rocky hills, then down again into the valley, and across the muddy plains. When we stopped for lunch the train went on, and after an hour or two we found it stranded on the Plain of Nazareth. Louis went to the rescue, and soon had it all following us, towards the hill of Nazareth. In spite of bogs and ditches and hills, we quite enjoyed the day, for the scenery was beautiful, and the wild flowers gorgeous and abundant. The air was very pleasant, too, for it was neither hot nor cold most of the time, and if there was an occasional shower we were so well protected that we did not mind it. We reached the edge of the town and came in finely on a level, smooth road. We learned that Gaze's party, which left Jerusalem four days before we did, had a terrible time, and only reached Nazareth twenty-four hours before we did, and then without their baggage, which did not arrive until late that night, so the people had to put up at the wretched little hotels. They left yesterday morning, and we are quite anxious about our friend Mr. Harger, who is not a strong man and will perhaps suffer a good deal. On such a trip as this a private party is so much better than one of Cook's or Gaze's! Louis takes such good care of his nine ladies! We are having delightful times together, and are enjoying the traveling very much, in spite of these little side shows on account of the bad weather. To-day is lovely and warm. This afternoon we have been out in the town, seeing the Church of the Annunciation,

into which a portion of the Virgin's house is inserted ; have seen the place where Joseph's carpenter shop was located, and have tasted the water from the Virgin's Well. The town is finely situated on the hills, and has quite a modern air about it from a distance. However, it has the same narrow streets as all the other Palestine towns, and perhaps more than its proportion of the dirt.

I have just been to the saloon tent, where we have had afternoon tea, and Louis is engaged in preparing walnuts for the candy Miss Coe is to make this evening. In a little while, when the sun gets lower, we are going to climb the hill to see the sunset, and to see the most extended view in Palestine. We expect to leave to-morrow morning, en route for the Sea of Galilee. We have just been buying whips for the third time. It speaks badly, either for the quality of the whips we have used up, or for our cruelty to animals. As the whips only cost two cents each, I prefer to think the former is the true state of the case. When we get to Damascus we are to have a picture taken of our caravan. Some one proposed we should have two negatives, one in our storm dress and one in our fair weather costume. It would certainly tell a story of the weather in Palestine which would not be encouraging to future travelers, if we had one taken in the dress we have used most of the time during the eleven days we have lived in the saddle.

I am thinking of you now as either in Cali-

fornia or back in St. Louis. I hope the rest and change have done both you and your father a great deal of good. I was so glad to hear that your father had engaged his passage for Liverpool in June, and hope nothing will prevent his coming over. How you would enjoy this camp life, especially as everything is so comfortable that one need not take cold from exposure, and the food is so good! We certainly have a treasure in our cook. He is a black fellow, but dresses in white, and rides a white horse on the road. He always takes the lead of the caravan. How he manages to get up such splendid meals with all this moving about and few conveniences, is a mystery to all of us; however, we enjoy the good things just the same as if we knew all the ins and outs, and perhaps better. The time has come to end my letter and start for the top of the hill. Mrs. Fisher is not going; her forte is riding horseback and not walking. Could you imagine her doing her eighteen or twenty miles a day on horseback, up and down these steep and rocky hills, and living to tell the tale? We tell her that at last she has found her vocation. Love to your father and to your dear self, and I wish I could see you both for a little while this afternoon.

Your loving mother,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

IN CAMP AT DAMASCUS,
THE PEARL OF THE EAST, April 13, 1893.

MY DEAR WILLIAM :

I wrote you on the 4th from Jenin, and Will from Nazareth on the 6th, since which time there has been no chance for writing, and no opportunity for mailing letters if they had been written. Since leaving Nazareth we have had fine weather, and have enjoyed our traveling very much. One day's journey from Nazareth brought us to Tiberias, on the shore of the Sea of Galilee. This is really the town of Galilee of New Testament fame. That day we paused at Cana, long enough to see the wine jars in which they used to press the wine, and to talk over the miracle of the water being turned into wine. Cana is a small town, rather more dirty and dilapidated than the average town, so we did not linger long. It is said that Jonah was born near there. We lunched on a grassy slope just opposite to that one upon which Christ fed the multitude, and when the afternoon sun was casting long shadows on the hills and across the plains, we arrived in sight of the sea and the town close down by the water. We entered the old gate and rode through the streets, which we were astonished to find very clean, although narrow. The people also were clean and pleasant looking, and seemed to be much interested in the party of women who were passing through their streets, for they appeared by twos and threes in every doorway and passage, and smiled upon us. The population of Tiberias

is about 6000, mostly Jews. We had a lively canter along the shore of the sea, before going to our tents, in order to see the hot sulphur baths of Tiberias. It was a very pleasant change, after being obliged to ride so slowly, and we all enjoyed it. Next morning we had another diversion in our mode of travel. We had a large sail boat and made our trip to Capernaum and Bethsaida by water. The Sea of Galilee is a beautiful sheet of water, quite a sea, in fact, and with our Bibles and guide books we had a lesson on the miracles and teachings of Christ, in that vicinity. We landed at Capernaum, which is now the most desolate spot any one can imagine, with only a few bits of carved stone left to tell the story of the city and the great synagogue which once stood there. Coming back in the direction of Tiberias, we hugged the shore, and in half an hour were at Bethsaida. A colony of German priests live in that spot now, and they expect to christianize this whole country preparatory to the coming of Christ. We lunched at Bethsaida, at least on the spot where they tell us it used to stand, and picked up pebbles and shells on the pretty little beach, and then rowed a little further in the direction of Tiberias to the place where our camp was to be that night. Ain-et-Tineh is the name, but I doubt if you can pronounce it. Just before sunset we climbed a high hill behind us to get the view of the sea and surrounding country. The sea is encompassed by ranges of hills, and from the top of this high place we had a splendid view of hills, valleys, and sea.

On the 9th we were off at 8.15, which meant getting up at 6.30, and had some very rough and slippery climbing for a couple of hours. We passed the village which Rothschild built for the Jews, and found that part of the country well cultivated and more thrifty looking than almost any part of Palestine. The waters of Merom appeared soon after, and then the snowy crest of Mount Hermon came in sight, and has been with us until yesterday afternoon. It is a whole range of mountains, and the highest point is always snow-covered. We had a long hard day, as the road was either hilly or rocky, or boggy when we descended to the plain. We rode twenty-two miles that day, and were glad to get to camp and have a nice hot dinner. On the 10th we broke camp and started at 7.45, knowing that the road would be bad and our progress would be very slow. We passed the source of the Jordan and the ancient site of Dan during the morning, and lunched at Baniyas, or Cæsarea Philippi, a very picturesque spot, with the ruins of a great castle on a spur of the mountain. On the Plains of Hermon are many Bedouin farmers who live in tents and have quite large settlements of these dingy, blackened abodes, which reminded one very much of the Mexican huts at Eddy. Baniyas is quite a small town, but has a fine situation, a splendid cataract, and the old Roman gate which once gave entrance to the noted city of Cæsarea Philippi. That night we camped at Mejd-el-esh-Shems, on Mount Hermon, over three thousand feet above the level of

the sea, and we found it very cold. It needed all our bedding and extra covering to make us comfortable, but it was a healthy air, clear and bracing, and did us good. The town is built against the cliffs, and the houses have no back yards, so that it looked like a colony of swallows' nests in a hillside, but everything was quite neat and clean as far as we could see. We were nearly nine hours in the saddle that day, and yet everybody came into camp fresh and happy. Tuesday we were on the mountain all day, and were often above the snow. The sun was warm but the air was crisp, and we felt it was a joy to be alive. Our camp was at Kefr Hanwar that night, on Nimrod's old hunting grounds. His tomb is shown there, but any pile of loose stones would do as well. When we mentioned the fact to Louis, that the tomb was not worth looking at, he said: "Well, it is my duty to show it to you, and if I did not, and you read about Nimrod's tomb, you would think you had missed something." In which remark he was just about right. Yesterday was a perfect day and we had a good road, so that our entrance into Damascus was a triumphal affair. You ought to see Alice ride. She really enjoys it very much, and bears all the fatigue quite as well as the youngest among us. We had many a lively canter yesterday, and had any amount of fun on the way. After lunch we all settled ourselves in the lunch tent as usual for a nap, and there was actually some snoring, but not among the ladies. It was

Louis. He does not sleep very much at night, because of the care and responsibility attending the safety of his lovely party, as he calls us. A dozen times or more he goes around the camp at night, to see that his guard are doing their duty and that all is well. On a windy night we often hear them pounding in the tent pins, which have become loosened by the constant tugging of the ropes, as the tent is swayed by the wind. We saw the city of Damascus for two hours before we reached it, and when we reached the outskirts and came along the walled lanes, with arches of foliage overhead, we were perfectly charmed. Great groves of olive and apricot trees surround the city, and a swift river flows by the side of it. We are just outside the city, but quite near to most of the objects of interest, and not ten minutes' walk from the bank. We fully expected to get letters here, but were much disappointed, as there were none. On leaving Cairo we arranged for the next mail to be sent to Jerusalem. Owing to the Easter vacation the banks were closed, so we left word for our mail to be sent here, and now we must wait for another week until we reach Beirut. I have not heard from you since March 15th.

We left Jerusalem the morning of the 1st of April, and since that time have been ten days in the saddle. To say that we are brown would be superfluous, but we are all perfectly well, and have enjoyed our journey through Palestine very, very much. We will be in Damascus three whole

days, sight-seeing and shopping, then five days on horseback will bring us to Beirut. The travel from now on will be comparatively easy, as the roads are much better at this end of the route. I got up at six this morning to write this letter, for I was too tired last night to put my mind on anything but minor matters. We are afraid that the Gaze party and our friends the Harjers have gone on, but we will hope to find them in Beirut. Our camping ground is near the river, and under the shade of trees, and is most pleasantly located.

Louis has just been around collecting our Turkish passports, and the next thing I hope to hear will be the call to breakfast. It is a lovely morning and we anticipate a delightful day in the city. I dare say you are having lovely weather at home now, and suppose the house is making rapid strides towards completion. Much love to Will and yourself, dear, also to all the friends. I hope my boys are both real well. The Fishers send love.

Your loving wife,
LIZZIE McMILLAN.

IN CAMP AT DAMASCUS,
April 15, 1893.

MY DEAR WILLIAM :

Since writing you on the 13th we have been enjoying the oriental sights of Damascus, and have been quite fascinated with what we have seen. Besides ourselves, there seems to be scarcely

a European or an American in the place, and the people regard us with as much, or even more curiosity, than we do them. As we wander about the bazaars they stop to stare and laugh at us, and the women come up and feel our clothes and chatter about us among themselves. It is very amusing to us to find that we attract so much attention, but we never stray far from Louis and Michael, for we feel much safer when they are near.

On Thursday we visited the bazaars both morning and afternoon. Here they are nearly all under cover, and some of them are wide and some narrow, and all of them are very curious and picturesque. We see many Eastern nations represented here, and the costumes are oriental, with gay colors and odd shapes. Damascus has 180,000 people, so you can see it is quite a large city. The architecture is quaint and some of the houses are colored in designs, which reminds us of the mosques of Moscow. The two rivers, the Abana and Pharpar, flow through the city, as in the days when Naaman was told to wash in the Jordan, and could not see why the rivers of Damascus were not as good as this one; the city is surrounded by gardens and orchards, so much so that the view is very much cut off, excepting from a higher level. When we leave here to-morrow we climb to quite a height on our way, and look down upon the city. Yesterday afternoon we drove wherever the streets were wide enough to admit carriages. We visited the house of Ananias, where Saul was

told to stay until recovered from his blindness, and we drove through the street called Straight. It is an arched thoroughfare, dimly lighted by windows just under the oval of the arch, and looks like a large tunnel, but is a mass of bazaars for all kinds of merchandise. It was a wonderful oriental scene, and the street is about three quarters of a mile long. It was very warm nearly all day, but became cloudy in the afternoon, and the wind came up with every indication of a heavy rainstorm, but the air became cool and delicious, and there was no rain after all. To-day is not quite so warm, although it is summer weather, and we are glad to have both the front and back doors of our tents open. We had our photos taken yesterday, on horseback, and in a group, some of us sitting and some standing, and then one in our stormy day attire, much to Louis's disgust. He could not see the joke in it at all, and said he did not want to see us in a picture looking like mummies. This morning we went to see the Great Mosque of Damascus. It is quite similar to one in Jerusalem, but perhaps handsomer in some respects. We all went to the top of the tallest minaret for the view, which was fine, as the mosque is almost in the centre of the city. They sometimes call this city a pearl set in emeralds, because of the border of shrubbery and gardens all around it, and we saw the force of the simile in looking at it from the minaret this morning. This afternoon we are going to drive again, to visit some native houses, the barracks,

and the house of Naaman, which is a leper hospital. Our three days in Damascus have been most delightful, but three days are as long as we need, and to-morrow we start on a five days' ride to Beirut. Our journey through Palestine will occupy thirty-two days, and out of those thirty-two days twenty will have been spent on horseback. We are more than ever impressed with Louis's business ability, and resources under difficult circumstances. It needs a man with plenty of brain and pluck, to say nothing of good common sense, to conduct parties through this country, and he has been more than equal to every occasion. No amount of trouble but he takes it for our comfort and pleasure, and he must have felt the responsibility very great, sometimes, with no other man to consult as to the best thing to be done. I would like very much for you to meet him, for he is a true gentleman and a splendid man.

Now I must close, because the carriages have come and we must go, and I will have no more time for writing before we leave Damascus. We are to have some company this evening, a clergyman and his wife who are camping near us. They are English and very pleasant people. Much love to both of my boys, and all friends.

Your loving wife,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

NEW HOTEL, BEIRUT, SYRIA,

April 21, 1893.

MY DEAR WILLIAM:

I seem to feel much nearer to you now than I have for the past five weeks, since receiving seven letters from you and three from Will on our arrival here yesterday afternoon. Their dates ran from February 21 up to March 21, so you see I have news of you up to a month ago, exactly. Long e'er this you have our directions to send mail to Marquay & Hooker, Florence, and will know what we are expecting to do. It was almost impossible to give you our plans for more than a month ahead, because we did not know certainly what we should do ourselves. It depended a good deal on what we should hear from you, and also on the cholera question. Now we expect to spend a week here, then go to Naples, and perhaps spend a week at Castellamare, or Ischia, then go to Florence for a few weeks, and after that to Paris or London, or both, and be ready with Gertrude and Lucie to meet you on your arrival the latter part of June.

Now I must go back to the time we left Damascus, and give you an account of our last five days on horseback. After three delightful days in Damascus, we broke camp on the morning of the 16th, and at 8.30 were climbing a high hill to get the last and finest view of the city, before turning our backs upon it, perhaps forever. The top of the hill reached, — and the horses made a lively scramble to get up the steep place, — there

was the Pearl of the East nestled down, spoon shape, in the midst of a forest of living green. It was a most beautiful sight, for the background to all was range after range of mountain peaks, some of them snow-capped. We climbed among the mountains all the morning, and reached the Abana river about eleven o'clock, keeping near that dashing, rapid stream nearly all day. The scenery was very wild and rugged, and the path corresponded to it very well indeed. We lunched that day in the wildest and most picturesque spot imaginable, by the side of the roaring river, where there was a tiny village clinging to the cliffs and quite shut in by high hills. After lunch we skirted a deep gorge, where the hillsides were 1000 feet high, and a narrow fertile valley lay at the bottom of the gorge, with the river, like a silver thread, between the two lines of green. If you could have seen us, high up on the hillside, creeping carefully along the narrow path, where a misstep of a horse meant disaster, you would have thought that headers from donkeys on a level plain were very innocent affairs compared with this kind of traveling. That night we camped at Barada, which is the modern name of the Pharpar River. I do not know whether the Abana and the Barada rivers are named for the towns, or if the towns are named for the rivers, but the towns certainly look ancient enough to have been named many centuries ago. Louis says that on some of those long days before we got to Damascus, we rode from twenty-five to

thirty miles a day, as we had to go a good deal out of our way in order to avoid the boggy plains. This has been an unusual year for storms and bad roads in Palestine, and I will tell you now that we are the only party which has come across the country and has escaped without accidents more or less serious. None of Cook's and Gaze's parties but have been delayed on the road, or have failed to connect with their outfit, during the journey, and some of them have had terrible times, and have almost lost their lives. Thanks to Louis's able management and sound common sense, we have escaped all perils which threatened, and are here, safe and well, and with all our belongings. His energy is most wonderful, and he inspires all his men, so that when he is there everything goes ahead swimmingly.

The second morning we got off at eight o'clock, as it looked like rain, and Louis was anxious to get us over a certain part of the mountain, where sudden snowstorms were frequent and dangerous, as soon as possible. We rode up hill and down hill as fast as we could, with his voice urging us to "hurry, ladies," in Arabic, and his cane assisting our horses from the rear, when necessary. It was bitterly cold, and we felt very miserable sometimes, but realizing that he knew what was best for us, we did just as he said, and at noon reached a place where all danger from a snowstorm was over, and we could take a needed rest and have lunch in peace and comfort. Louis was much happier when this mountain was left be-

hind, and sang his Arabic songs as he rode on his coal-black charger, all the rest of the day. That night it was very cold in camp, as we were surrounded by snow mountains, but braziers in the tents made us very comfortable and I never slept better in my life. The scenery all that day was wonderfully grand and beautiful, and we had the Mount Lebanon range, with its white crest, in full view. The third day was easier and warmer, but as we wanted to gain enough time to see the grand ruins of the Baalbec Temples, and still reach Beirut on Thursday, we rose earlier than usual and were in our saddles at 7.30. We climbed the Anti-Lebanon mountains first and then rode over the range, and had an easy morning, at the same time getting over the ground quite fast. We reached Baalbec at 11.30 and had our lunch inside the ruins. In fact, we spent the whole afternoon there, seeing the wonderful old ruins. This temple dates back to about 200 years after the Christian era, and it was built on the site of a still older temple, supposed by some to have been the Tower of Babel. The ruins are more perfect than many we have seen, and have a great many granite columns still standing, and the cornices still show much fine carving. We enjoyed wandering around here very much, and fortunately we had a lovely day for it. Baalbec is a town of 5000 inhabitants and is 3860 feet above the level of the sea. With its magnificent ruins it is a most picturesque spot, and the Lebanon range, with its crest of dazzling snow, gives a

grand and beautiful setting to the gray piles of stone in the temple.

On leaving Baalbec we had a smooth carriage road all the rest of the way, and came along the valley between the Anti-Lebanon and the Lebanon ranges, whose tops are white, and whose sides are a mass of colors, from the different colors of earth, stone, verdure, and wild flowers. We camped high up on the hillside that night, and the wind nearly blew my tent down over my head. I felt a very strong wind on my head, and getting up to see what was the matter, found that some of the tent pins had given way, so I called for assistance, and a mysterious figure in a white turban came and mended my house. Yesterday morning, our last day, we left camp in the rain, and climbing for several hours were actually in the clouds, as well as rain and sleet. Oh, it was cold, but after reaching the top we began to go down, and in a short time the storm was all behind us, and we emerged into blue skies and sunshine, with Beirut and the beautiful Mediterranean before us. After lunch our road was all down hill, and we did not like it, — thump, thump, thump on the hard road, until we welcomed a stony by-path with delight. Miss Merriam said it reminded her of the curse of answered prayers, which, when they come, are not at all satisfactory, or what we want, after all. Here we had been longing for weeks for a smooth road, and now that we had it we were not pleased. We came into Beirut with flying colors, literally, for

at luncheon time we had bedecked our horses with all their giddy trappings, and ribbons besides, and we made quite a fine procession as we rode through the streets. Louis had written to this hotel for rooms for us, so we were very soon settled, but Louis would not leave us to go to his family until our luggage had arrived and had been placed in our rooms. We were all very tired after five long days of riding, and I found it impossible to write last night, but sent the cablegram "abjure." We have borne the trip wonderfully well and are all quite well, but thinner, for the time being. Our trunks are just coming. They have been taken care of in Louis's own house all these weeks, and he has sent them over and probably is not far off himself. Alice has done splendidly on the journey; has ridden with ease and has been well and in good spirits all the time. If I had known the kind of roads we were to have in Palestine, I would have expected her to give out on the way; but she has stood the test quite as well as any of us. Mrs. Aiken and her sister, Miss Dodge, also Miss Merriam, leave on Sunday for Constantinople, and the other three girls will go to Italy with us, in about a week from now, or when the next steamer leaves. It is balmy here and the surroundings are beautiful. Our rooms look out upon the Mediterranean, with only the street between us and the water. We feel that it would be lovely to stay here a month, but have not the time to spare. Our trip through the Holy Land

has been a grand success, and we have had a delightful time all the way through, in spite of bad weather, sometimes, and hard roads. I rode the same horse for eighteen days, and did not make his back sore. Either he must be very tough, or I am a good rider. Thirty-two days since we reached Jaffa, and twenty of them have been spent in the saddle, and we still live to tell the tale!

I had twenty-seven letters yesterday, and have so much news in one dose that my mind can scarcely retain it all. Am so sorry to hear of Mr. Richardson's death, and of Bridget's severe illness. Hope she is doing well now, and will write her as soon as possible. We hear from Dolly that Mrs. Heywood died a few weeks ago.

This is only my ninth letter this month, but it has been almost impossible to write letters on this trip, and the other ladies have not written half as many as I have. I am so glad you had such a delightful time in Eddy, and that you are so well. I hope the change did Will a great deal of good too. Alice and Kate send much love to both of you. I will close this letter now, and will write Will to-morrow and continue my story. It seems as if I had failed to say the most important things, but what can you expect when I rose at six o'clock and have not yet had my breakfast? With much love,

Your affectionate wife,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

HOTEL D'ORIENT, BEIRUT

April 23, 1893.

MY DEAR WILL :

I tried to write to you last night but was too tired, and so am up at 6.30 this morning. I find it easy enough to rise at this hour, as we had very early hours all through our trip across Palestine and Syria, and I wake at the usual time still. It will take a good many mornings of early rising to get up my correspondence, since receiving twenty-seven letters on my arrival here on Thursday.

I wrote your father quite a long letter on Friday morning before breakfast. Directly afterwards Louis came for us and we all went to the bank to get money to finish paying up our indebtedness to him. It almost caused a cessation of business at the bank, and there was consternation there when they found that we all wanted our money in French gold. They sent out to buy the gold, and finally, after telling us we must come back in the afternoon, and our being quite decided about having our money then, they managed to find the gold for us. After the business with Louis and Michael was settled, then there was the business of feeding eighteen men, who were our muleteers, waiters, cook, etc., on the trip. The money was put into one pile, and Louis arranged the distribution of it, according to their merits and responsibility. As he announced the amount to be given each one, Alice wrote the name on a paper, Louis handed the

money to me, and I wrapped it up. Then when all this was arranged, the ladies were all called and we went downstairs to the entrance of the courtyard, where all the men were assembled, and as Louis called the names the men came up and received each one his package, from either Alice or me. Then Louis shook hands with all his men, and most of them came forward to shake hands with us. It was quite a scene, and rather affecting, too.

Yesterday morning we all went to the photographer to get a group taken in our good clothes, and they seem to think it is going to be a success. The pictures which were taken in Damascus have arrived, and are very good too.

Yesterday afternoon we took a drive down to the Dog River, and had a very pleasant time. Afterwards Louis took us to call on his family. He has a wee wife, a nice old mother, a charming daughter who is a bride of about five months, and a handsome son-in-law. The daughter came to greet us, dressed in her wedding dress, white silk trimmed with lace and orange blossoms, and wearing diamonds. They were very lovely to us, treated us to lemonade and Turkish coffee, and took us into the garden and gave us beautiful roses and other flowers, and lemons. The house is large and very nicely furnished. I expected to find that Louis had a comfortable home, but did not think that everything would be so rich and even elegant. To-day we are going to call on Michael's family, and I am curi-

ous to see what his home is like. Mrs. Aiken, her sister Miss Dodge, and Elizabeth Merriam sail to-day for Constantinople. The other three girls will sail on Wednesday for Italy, and then America, but the three tramps feel that Beirut is too charming a place to leave so soon, so we have decided to remain another week here, after all the others are gone, and give up going to Ischia, going on the principle that "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." I gave your message to the girls, and they were much pleased, and say they want ever so much to meet you, also wish to be cordially remembered to you. Louis said yesterday that he wished to send his kindest respects to Mr. McMillan and Mr. Will. He says he would like so much to go hunting with you, and that he hopes in two years, if not before, to have the pleasure of taking all of us up the Nile in a dahabeah. I hope so, too, for I know you and your father would enjoy it very much. Then we would start from Cairo, on our return, go to Jaffa by sail and steamer, then to Jerusalem by rail, and after making some of the carriage and horseback trips around there would return to Jaffa and sail for Beirut. From here we would take diligence to Damascus, and after spending a few days there, would come back, taking in Baalbek, by the way, and after that we could go on the continent for the summer. Does n't that sound attractive?

Kate was glad to hear you had received the letter about the pearl, for she feared it might

have been lost. I hope you can come over with your father, my dear, and whether you do or not, I want you to bring or send me a good picture of you and your father also, for Louis, who has begged that he might have them. He has become quite familiar with those I have of you both, and likes them very much. Please do not forget this, for I have promised them to him.

The weather is perfect, and our view of the Mediterranean from our windows and balcony is too lovely for any description to do it justice. I do hope Bridget is getting well fast. Poor girl, she has had a hard time, and I am so sorry for her. Remember me to both the girls, please.

From your letters and your father's, you seem to have had a gay time in New Mexico, but by this time I suppose you have both settled down to business in good earnest, so that the three tramps can have a good time over here. Well, we have worked pretty hard ourselves some days, especially when we have ridden thirty miles on horseback, up and down mountains over the worst places you can imagine. But we have enjoyed it all very, very much. Your father never could have stood what we have been through in the past month, and I have lost a good many pounds, only to regain them now, when we do not have so much exercise. Kate proposes that your father should put the \$1000 wager to my credit immediately, while I am so much thinner, which perhaps would be a very good idea. Much love to both of you, and many thanks for

your three sweet letters which I found here on my arrival. Take good care of yourself.

Your loving mother,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

HOTEL D'ORIENT, BEIRUT,

April 26, 1893.

MY DEAR WILLIAM :

It is only seven o'clock, but I am dressed and sitting down to write to you before breakfast. I find that early in the morning is the only time in which I can be uninterrupted, for after the day once begins there are so many distractions. To-day the other three girls leave us, Mary and Janet Coe and Emily Choate. They go to Italy, and we may see them there before they sail for America, the latter part of May. We will miss them very much, but thought we would rather stay here and rest than try to go to Ischia or to Castellammare, just for one week. The weather is delightful here, and I am sure Italy can have no more balmy air than this. I am all right now, but have had a severe sore throat for some days, which made me feel very ill. There are black clouds this morning, but I hope the girls will not have a stormy getting off, nor a rough voyage. They dread leaving us as much as we dread having them go. They are such charming girls! I wish you knew them. It seems odd to think how our fortunes have been united ever since our sailing on the Ems. Our first impression of the quartette was intense admiration for

the way in which they bore the loss of their luggage. We thought them very brave and plucky then, and do so still.

Now that our journey is over and we do not rush about sight-seeing, my letters will seem very tame to you; in fact I hardly know how to go about composing a letter. Last evening Dr. Bliss of the Beirut Medical College here, and his daughter, Mrs. Dale, came to call upon us. We found them very charming people, and they knew John Fisher very well indeed. It must be delightful to live in Beirut. The people are so pleasant and intelligent, and the town and its surroundings so very beautiful. From my window I can look on the blue Mediterranean and snow mountains, without changing my position.

I have had a lot of letters since arriving here. Edith Smith, Dolly Holden, Mrs. Bixby, Mrs. Sawyer, Hattie Caldwell, Lucie Webber, Jennie Cavers, Clara and Mrs. Thornburgh, have all been represented, and I am going to try to get once around among my friends, but with the few chances I have had for writing it seems rather doubtful. However, when we go to Italy perhaps there may be more opportunity.

Alice and Kate are real well, and seem to have stood our hard journey across country quite as well as the very strongest among us. The more I think about it, the more I realize what an undertaking it was, and how fortunate we were in having a private party and dragoman instead

of going with Cook or Gaze. But I would n't have missed one minute of the trip for anything, and we did have such a good time with each other. We are quite belles here, for we have three dragomans devoted to us,—Louis, of course, and Michael, his assistant, who both live in Beirut, and then Joseph, the second dragoman on the steamer Rameses the Great. He brought two French generals across the country, and we met in Jerusalem, Damascus, and now here, where he lives. He wants us to go to his house and have a cup of tea, and of course we accepted, for we want to see as much of Syrian life as possible. Our group seems to be quite a success, so that when you see all our pictures you will have a pretty good idea of our party. I have sent a newspaper and the camping and rainy day pictures wrapped up in it. Hope they will reach you safely. I have asked Mrs. Lavin to get some rooms for us near them if she can, so that we may not waste much time going back and forth. It will be such a pleasure to see them again, and I only hope they will not have gone to Milan before we get there. I must write to Lucie this morning, but have not had a letter from Gertrude since January 23, and which I answered ages ago. I suppose Mrs. Scarritt has my letter before now. Our letters crossed each other, so we are even. The little Fishers are stirring, so there is hope that we will have breakfast before very long. What an awfully stupid letter, you will say, and I quite agree with you.

Well, your vacation is over and you are settled down at home again. I am glad you had such a pleasant party and such a good time, and are so well. I hope Will is well and strong, too. Now we are looking forward to June 20 and to meeting you in Queenstown. Make your arrangements with Gertrude and Lucie as to where they will join us, for we think of going to London and not to Paris, before we meet you. Kate is very anxious to be a week or two in London and get some dressmaking done, besides some other errands, but we are not quite sure whether we can get to London without going by way of Paris; will find out when we reach Italy. We sail on the French line to Alexandria, May 3, then change to another steamer for Italy, and it is all very hazy as yet about the time it will take, etc., but we expect to reach Florence about May 10. You had better send your letters from now on to the Alliance Bank line, Liverpool, and notify the friends.

We must call at Turner's in Naples, if possible, for any letters you may have sent there. Our letters have come all right so far, and we can tell better from here about changing the address than you can in America. Well, I must stop and get this ready to send off to the mail. Alice and Kate send much love to you and Will. I hope Bridget is doing well and will soon be all right again. Remember me to both Bridget and Lizzie. With much love to you and Will,

Your loving wife,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

HOUSE OF MANSOUR, BEIRUT,

April 29, 1893.

MY DEAR WILLIAM:

Since my last letter to you on the 26th, we have had an entirely new experience, in which you will be very much interested. But first I will tell you about the departure of Mary and Janet Coe, and Emily Choate. They sailed on Wednesday afternoon, and we all went over in a small boat to the steamer to see them comfortably settled. Our luggage was sent off during the afternoon, and when we came on shore again Louis took us to his house, where we are to stay a week, until we leave for Italy. Knowing how lonely we would be at the hotel after the girls had gone, we wanted to go to some smaller place than the hotel, and we also wanted to see something of Syrian home life, so when Louis said we could come to his house we were delighted. I told you of our visit to his family on Saturday last, how nice they all are, and about the handsome, cosy home. Well, we have been here over two days now, and are more and more charmed with the people and our surroundings. We are really a part of the family in everything excepting our meals, and they insist on serving us by ourselves in courses and in great state. They give us the most delicious things to eat. The cook is an excellent one, and we have one of the waiters who was in camp with us to serve us, and a young girl besides. Madame Mansour, the mother, Madame Louis, the wife, and Madame Joseph Aboo, the

daughter, received us with open arms. They load us with the most magnificent roses from their garden, feed us with nespoli from their own trees, and are devoted to us. Ferida, the daughter and only child, is a very attractive girl, a bride of a few months, and the pride and delight of her father's heart. She has been well educated, speaks French, and does any amount of fancy work. Kate and Ferida are chums, and Kate is teaching Ferida to embroider. She is very quick and is learning rapidly. We get along beautifully, in spite of the difference in language, and then Louis is generally near to interpret for us.

The house is as cosy and pretty as any one could wish, but it is of course in Syrian fashion, with great divans running around the rooms, and with many and large windows, but with few pictures or decorations. Syrians like a great deal of light. The other evening three young men, brothers of Louis's son-in-law, who is very nice indeed, came to call upon the family and upon us, and it did look very odd to see all the men sitting around the room wearing their fezes. In saluting they touch the head, but do not remove the hat, and in all the months we have known Louis we have scarcely ever seen him without his fez. After several hints from Louis that night, we found that we were expected to say good-night to the callers and go to our rooms, otherwise they would have stayed all night.

We are enjoying this novel life very much

indeed, and will be sorry to have it over. We go down town nearly every morning to do shopping, etc., and generally have a drive in the afternoon. It is a beautiful country, and Beirut, having both mountains and sea, is a most charming spot. It is a large place, containing about 200,000 people and many handsome residences and public buildings. The Medical College grounds and buildings are very fine, standing on a hill overlooking the sea. The weather is perfect, sunny and warm during the day, but cool mornings and evenings. From one of my windows I am looking out upon green gardens below and snow mountains above, and the sun is shining brightly on me. The other windows look out on the court, where Louis has built a number of small houses, which he rents to poor but nice people, who all seem to take a great deal of interest in us. The garden is full of trees, shrubs, and flowers, and the air is sweet with the perfume of the roses and orange blossoms. I am going to bring some nespolo seeds home with me to have planted at Eddy. It seems to me they could be raised there nicely, — anyway we can try it.

We now hope to get a steamer May 4, which will take us to Italy without too many changes. We will probably have to stay a day or two in Alexandria and then go to Brindisi from there, taking train from Brindisi to Florence, without going to Naples. Boats are such uncertain things over here that one can never tell long before what

can be done. I have been waiting for an hour, and now Louis has just called Alice and Kate. The family have been up for hours. They are early risers and very industrious. My camping habits still cling to me, so I generally get up at six and do any writing or work which may be necessary before the others are stirring. A mail comes in to-day, so we will hope to get some letters from home. We are going to pay the same here as at the hotel, and very properly too, for we get a great deal more for our money here than we did at the hotel. We told Louis we would not come to his house unless we could pay hotel rates, so he finally consented to our doing it.

I hope Bridget is doing well, but cannot help feeling anxious until I hear again. Hoping you are all well and happy, with much love to both Will and you, and warm remembrances to all friends,

Your loving wife,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT,

May 7, 1893.

MY DEAR FATHER :

When I wrote you last we were in Beirut, Syria; now we are in Egypt again for a few days. It does not seem possible that it is less than four months since we landed in Alexandria for the first time; I feel so wonderfully well acquainted with the country and the people that I seem to have

lived in this part of the world always. I am afraid that the Continent will look very tame to us when we no longer see the picturesque and gayly colored Oriental dress on the streets of the cities we visit. However, we will get used to European clothes as we became accustomed to eastern costumes, and it will be very delightful to meet old friends in Florence, Paris, and London, as we expect to do in a few weeks. I cannot begin to tell you of the good time we had in Beirut, or how sorry we were to part from Louis and his family. They were so good to us, and we feel that we have left true friends behind us in leaving them. We went to the American church last Sunday morning, and heard a beautiful sermon and the old familiar hymns for the first time since leaving Cairo, the middle of March. Beirut became rather warm before we left it, although it is situated on the sea, and we could not have remained there comfortably much longer. We sailed on the Austrian Lloyd steamer May 4, and arrived here this morning. We stopped a few hours both at Jaffa and Port Said, but went on shore only at the latter place. The sea was perfectly smooth all the way, the weather perfect, the ship large, well managed, clean and comfortable, the service excellent, and the table all any one could desire. We stay here two days, coaling up and taking in cargo. Tuesday morning we start for Brindisi and Trieste. The steamer makes no provision for passengers while in this port, so we are staying at the hotel, where we are nicely set-

tled, and will go on board to-morrow evening. We will reach Brindisi, Italy, on Friday, and Trieste, Austria, on Saturday. From there we connect with a boat for Venice, and after spending a couple of days in that fascinating city will take train for Florence, where we hope to arrive about the 18th. So far, our water journey has been a real pleasure trip, and I hope it will continue to be so all the rest of the way. At Port Said we had a row in the harbor and a little way into the Suez Canal. A young Englishman, who has lived in Beirut and is on his way to Venice, invited us to go with him, and it was a great pleasure to us. There are a few very pleasant people on the steamer, and they are all at our table. The others are Germans, — men, women, and priests, all fat and ugly. The weather is lovely here, neither hot nor cold, but bright and beautiful. It sounded very cheery this morning to hear the church chimes, and in listening to them I could scarcely believe myself in a Mohammedan country. When we reach Italy we will feel as if quite near home. When we realize that it takes ten days to go from Beirut to Venice, not allowing for any delays whatever, we feel how far from home and friends we have been. Now the distance will grow shorter each day, until, having reached Florence, our letters will go to America in two weeks instead of four. It will make quite a difference, and our letters will seem almost like telegraphic dispatches, they will arrive with such speed and promptness.

We are looking forward to the end of June as the time when William will probably arrive, and our arrangements are already made to meet him at Liverpool. The three young ladies who left Beirut eight days before us were in this hotel, and sailed for Malta and Naples last Wednesday. They are to reach Naples to-morrow, and we hope to see them in Florence before they start for America. We are all well, I am thankful to say. Perhaps the reason I have said nothing about my health was because I was always well. I am much thinner than when I left home, owing to the hard trip across Syria and Palestine, but otherwise am perfectly well, so you need not worry about me. After this my letters will be very humdrum affairs, for having once written up Florence, and the Continent generally, it will not be necessary to do it again.

I suppose the Chicago Exposition has opened grandly, and the whole country is interested and excited over it. Cairo and Beirut will be well represented there, and I will be more interested in seeing that part of the great show than in any of the home productions. We are going for a drive, after a while, so I must bid you good-by. Much love to you and to the family and friends.

Your loving daughter,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

MEDITERRANEAN SEA, STEAMER VORWAERTS,
May 12, 1893.

MY DEAR FATHER:

Since writing you on Sunday from Alexandria, we have been coming steadily nearer home and friends, but we are still quite a long distance from our native land. Monday was a very hot day in Alexandria, being 91 at noon and over 100 between two and three o'clock, but being a dry heat we did not feel it so very much, after all.

About five o'clock in the afternoon we came on board our good ship again, and besides ourselves there was just one passenger who spent the night on board. Tuesday morning at nine we sailed, and as soon as we were out of the harbor we found ourselves in a rough sea which soon sent everybody below. At dinner, Tuesday evening, only five out of the thirty passengers came to the table, and we were not among them. Wednesday morning the sea was smooth again, and has been almost like a mirror ever since. We have enjoyed sitting on deck very much, for the air is balmy and delicious, and the canvas awning keeps off sun, wind, and moisture, while the deck chairs are most comfortable.

This morning early we arrived at Brindisi on the coast of Italy. It is where we had intended leaving the boat, but the long railway journey we should have to Florence so discouraged us that we made up our minds to go on to Venice. We will reach Trieste, on the Austrian coast, at three o'clock to-morrow afternoon, and will then change

to another boat, which will land us in Venice on Sunday morning. From Venice we will only be a few hours from Florence by rail. Nothing could be more delightful than this whole voyage from Beirut, with the exception of that one day after leaving Alexandria. We consider ourselves most fortunate in having taken passage from Beirut on the only boat which has gone directly through to Trieste this year. Being so late in the year there are very few passengers, and the boat is all the more pleasant on that account. Those who are here are very agreeable, and we have made some charming acquaintances, but we always find nice people wherever we go, and have come to the conclusion that there are a great many such in the world. When we get to Florence and realize that it only takes our letters two weeks to go or come, we will feel quite near you all, but I fear my letters will not be very interesting to you, for there will be nothing new and strange to relate.

Mrs. Fisher and I have been comparing our journals and talking over the experiences of the past few months, and we became so excited and enthusiastic over them that we thought it would be charming to go all over them again. Who knows, perhaps we may come over here again some day. If the ocean would behave as well as the Mediterranean has for the past week, it would be mere play to cross it.

We are getting some letters ready to mail at Trieste to-morrow, and I will not close my epistle

now, in case there should be something more to say before that time. It is almost time for afternoon tea, and it is astonishing how welcome the four meals daily are to all of us.

VENICE, ITALY, May 14.

Yesterday morning was rather uncomfortable on the boat, as the wind carried us to one side, although it was not rough. By the time we neared the Austrian coast and came to a level keel again, it was time to get packed up, ready to change boats at Trieste, so I did not have an opportunity to finish my letter and mail it in Austria, as I had intended. We reached Trieste about four o'clock yesterday, but by the time we had transferred all our belongings across the harbor to the corresponding Austrian Lloyd boat for Venice it was six o'clock, so we went on shore with an English judge and his wife, and had dinner at a hotel. During the evening we had a ride in the street cars, a walk on one of the promenade streets, and attended a concert at one of the cafés. Our boat did not sail until midnight, so we preferred staying on shore as long as possible. We had a very comfortable night, and at six this morning were coming into Venice, which never looks so well as when approached by water. It was a lovely morning, and the city on the water looked most fascinating and picturesque. We are nicely situated here, but our English friends are at another hotel near by, as we could not all be accommodated in the same one, on account of

the city being quite full of visitors at present. My room overlooks the "Grand Canal," and just opposite my windows, only a few rods away, is anchored a royal yacht with the Princess of Wales on board. The water is alive with gay gondolas, sailboats with gay-colored sails, ferry boats, and great steamers anchored here and there. It is a sight well worth seeing, and once seen, would be always remembered. Kate has gone out to the great church of St. Mark with Judge and Mrs. Harnnett. Alice is resting, and after a bath and fresh clothes I feel equal to attending to some of my neglected correspondence.

We will be here perhaps until Wednesday, and can go to Florence in about nine hours, so about Thursday we will be domesticated there for a couple of weeks. It is almost exactly ten years since I was here before, and everything looks quite natural.

Love to all friends and relatives, and a great deal for your dear self.

Your loving daughter,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

HOTEL ROYAL DANIELI, VENICE,

May 17, 1893.

MY DEAR WILLIAM :

I wrote Will on Monday, when we had scarcely begun to enjoy Venice. I do not know why, but it seems so much more beautiful and fresh and fascinating than it did ten years ago, and more wonderful too. Perhaps it is because we have

had perfect weather, beautiful sunshine, and fresh ocean breezes ; and if you remember it was hot and rainy when we were here before. Then I was sick at that time, and now am perfectly well.

Monday A. M. Kate and I went to one of the largest lace and brocade manufactories on the Grand Canal, where we saw girls making the finest of point laces, and most beautiful silk embroideries. The show and sales rooms are very tempting indeed, but I only got a few little things for myself, and some brocade for sofa cushions for the house. At noon we came back in our gondola for Alice, and went over to the square to Florian's famous restaurant for lunch. In the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Harnnett joined us and we went over to the Island of Murano to see one of the glass manufactories. We were allowed to see the workers shaping the melted glass into all sorts of beautiful vases, which was most interesting. We also visited an old church, where there is an old mosaic floor which compares well with that in St. Mark's. Then we came home, having enjoyed the afternoon very much. St. Mark's church has been renovated since we saw it, and its frescoes and splendid mosaics, both inside and out, are now magnificent. The whole square is splendid with its great pillars at the entrance, the Doges' Palace, the grand old church, the clock tower, and bell tower.

Yesterday morning Mr. Harnnett came for us before eight o'clock, and as the bells clanged out

the hour we were up among them in the bell tower. We had a splendid view of the city, canal, and lagoons; also the numerous islands, and the water craft everywhere, and got home at nine o'clock, just as Kate and Alice were ready for breakfast. Afterwards they went out into the square, but I stayed at home to write some letters. At noon I joined them at another famous restaurant on the square, and we had lunch there. At two o'clock the Harnnetts met us and we took a gondola over to the "Lido." It was a delicious air on the water, and when we reached the island we found horse cars and two or three carriages. We patronized the former, and rode through a leafy arch formed by locust trees in full bloom, across the island to the ocean side, where there are great concert rooms and verandas overlooking the bathing beach. The music was going on, so we took seats near the water, ordered some tea and lemonade, and while listening to the music watched the people and bathers. We got home about five, and after dinner Alice, Kate, and I went over to the square, and up into the show-rooms of one of the finest glass works. They were lighted by electricity, and I never imagined there could be such beautiful glass as we saw there. Mr. and Mrs. Harnnett were to have joined us somewhere in the square, but we missed them, so about nine o'clock we had an ice and came home. This is another beautiful morning, and we will have another fascinating day here, before starting for Florence to-morrow morning. The journey

over there will be very pleasant, I am sure, starting as we will at ten o'clock and getting there at 6 P. M. We can endure eight hours on the train very comfortably. It is the night travel, in these countries, that is so wearing. Just after an early dinner last night, we three took a gondola and went the whole length of the Grand Canal, then back as far as the Rialto, and home by the little canals. Our boatman, who has now been with us since Monday, showed us all the noted old palaces. We saw where Desdemona lived, where Lord Byron lived, Browning's palace, the place where Victor Emmanuel stayed twice, when he was here; Lucrezia Borgia's palace, and many others. We also saw the first palace ever built in Venice, and it did look very ancient. We rowed around the royal yacht, but did not see the Princess. The yacht is still here, although we heard it was to leave yesterday. We have a good deal to do to-day, and do not expect to meet the Harnnetts until evening. They are so pleasant and companionable that they remind me of Mr. and Mrs. Sevier, who spent some weeks traveling with us three years ago. When English people are nice, they are usually very nice, and we have had some very pleasant experiences in that way.

I wish you might be here; you would enjoy it so much, especially the gondola part of our life here. We have such a nice gondolier, and his name is Louis, so we have no trouble in remembering it. Our hotel is several squares

from the Grand Hotel, according to home reckoning. The bridges over the little canals are very frequent, and the side canals run in all sorts of directions. Even the Grand Canal is very serpentine in form, so that when we go the whole length of it, and are considerably over an hour in doing it, by taking side canals we can reach the hotel in a very few minutes. I begin to think we may find Florence rather hot, and if it should prove so, we may go on to London sooner than we had planned. I am so anxious to get letters, and yet rather dread it, for fear of hearing something unpleasant, I know not what. However, I will not worry, but make up my mind that everything will be all right.

Alice and Kate send love to you and Will. Give my warm love to the dear boy, and accept a great deal yourself, from

Your loving wife,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

PENSION CHAPMAN, FLORENCE, ITALY,

May 21, 1893.

MY DEAR FATHER:

I found three letters from you, two of them having inclosures from Ella and one from Grace Kingston. The dates were April 7, 14, and May 1. It looks as if I had missed one letter between April 14 and May 1. Don't you find my plan of numbering the letters a good one? and then if one goes astray you know it at once.

It was very pleasant, after having no news for

nearly a month, to learn that you were all well less than three weeks ago. William and Will expect to sail for Europe June 14, and our plans are being completed for meeting them in Liverpool, as we did three years ago. My last letter to you was finished in Venice a week ago to-day. We enjoyed that charming city very much, and spent a good deal of our time in a gondola, gliding over the Grand Canal, between the solid rows of handsome old palaces, which now are either hotels or the residences of ordinary people. We did not try to do much sight-seeing, none of us feeling quite equal to great exertion, but we visited a large glass manufactory on one of the numerous islands of the Adriatic and saw the skillful workmen mould the melted glass into many odd and beautiful shapes. The great square of St. Mark's, with the Doges' Palace, the magnificent church of St. Mark's, and its tall and stately bell tower, seemed even more wonderful than it did ten years ago, and the rows of fascinating shops around the square are very tempting to a lover of pretty things. Our English friend, Mr. Harnnett, climbed with me to the top of the bell tower, and just as we reached the last step the bells rang out the hour of eight o'clock. We had a magnificent view of the city and all its devious waterways built of canals, great and small, and channels leading seaward. We spent nearly an hour up there, examining the view from every point of the compass, and enjoying the pure fresh air we had from the sea. At nine o'clock I was

back in our hotel, ready to take breakfast with the Fishers.

Thursday morning we left Venice with regret, for we were leaving pleasant friends behind, as well as a beautiful city, and after eight hours of comfortable journey on the cars, reached Florence at 6.30 in the evening. We found that our friends Mr. and Mrs. Lavin had gone away, but two of the young ladies of our Palestine party were here in this house. We were the more delighted to find them, because we scarcely hoped for that pleasure, as we were ten days longer in reaching Florence than we had expected to be. We have had a nice visit with them, and will miss them sadly when they go away this afternoon. We will be here until May 31, probably, and will then go to Paris by way of Milan and Basle, stopping a night in each place, instead of going straight through and having a night on the train. Our railroad journey from Venice to Florence was our third on the cars since we left New York. Considering what poor sailors we are, we certainly have done a good deal of traveling by water during the past five months. June 7 we expect to be in London, where we hope to be with our friends the Holdens, from Batavia, for ten days or more, and then we will get to Liverpool not later than the 20th in order to be on deck when the good ship the Majestic comes in with William and Will on board, scanning the faces of the people on shore to discover the three tramps. I am so glad Will is coming over too, for he would

have been rather forlorn if left at home by himself.

Here in Florence we mean to take things easy, and not do any sight-seeing, but we have lots of packing to do, as some of our trunks are to be shipped directly to Liverpool to avoid trouble with the customs at Paris, and then we have some shopping to do, and I at least have any number of letters to write. My mail contained thirty-four letters, and that means work for some time to come. I have not written half as many letters as I did three years ago ; it was simply impossible, especially on the Nile and in Palestine, to do any letter-writing which was not absolutely necessary, and if my friends think I have neglected them, I cannot help it. This is a lovely day, but we are not going out. It is pleasant to have reached a place where we can quietly remain in the house without feeling that we are missing the best thing in Europe.

I wish I could see your dear face as soon as I see William and Will, but as that is out of the question, accept a great deal of love for you and all the friends and relatives.

From your loving daughter,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

PENSION CHAPMAN, FLORENCE, ITALY,

May 28, 1893.

MY DEAR WILL :

I find that I have sent you one more letter than was credited to me on my book. If you had

been away from your father I would have written to you more frequently, but knowing you were together and that you would read all my letters, it seemed unnecessary to write more than once a week, or ten days. I have had just 13 letters from you, and 28 from your father, have sent 31 to your father, a letter to one of you every three days since leaving New York. We are all so glad that the time is drawing near when we shall see you again, and we will be on the dock to meet you as we were last time. I hope you will look as well as my friends tell me you do, and that the lovely summer we are going to have will do you lots of good in every way.

We have just had a letter from Mary Coe, written as soon as they reached Paris, telling us their whole party would sail on Saturday, several days before they expected to start for America. So they are on the ocean now, and we could not send them a letter of good-by to the ship, as we had planned.

I hope old Neptune will treat you well, coming over, but his mood is ever changeable, and you may find him in good humor and you may not. However, we will hope for the best, and that is all one can do anyway.

Kate has written to you about the pearls and turquoise she has bought for you, and I am sure you will like them, they are so beautiful. Your father's photograph and yours are on the bureau opposite me; and it makes me so glad, every time I look at them, to think of seeing you in less

than four weeks. Will we have a walk at Bettwys-coed, do you think, as we did three years ago? Do you remember the pace we took coming home? a mile in fifteen minutes, I believe. I wonder if I could do it now. We are anticipating the pleasure we are to have the latter part of this week in meeting Gertrude, Lucie, and Mamie, also your friend, Billy Lavin.

I was afraid to send this to St. Louis, for fear of missing you, but there may have been time for it to go there. Anyway, it will be a last greeting to you, ere you sail, and loving wishes for a "bon voyage" for you both. Hoping you will have the best trip you ever had, with a great deal of love,

Your affectionate mother,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

Will write your father also, to the Windsor Hotel.

BASLE, SWITZERLAND, HOTEL VICTORIA,

June 2, 1893.

MY DEAR WILLIAM :

According to our plan, we left Florence on Wednesday, 31st, at 2.30 P. M. Miss Leggett came with us, as she wanted to get to Paris, and was very glad to come under the wing of people who knew how to travel, and to do it comfortably. At the station she introduced us to some friends of hers who had been very good to her in Greece, and they turned out to be Lucie Webber's friends, the Spragues, for whom we have

been looking all winter. Unfortunately they were going to Venice and we to Milan, so we only had a few minutes to chat, but at any rate, I can tell Lucie to-night that I have seen her friends at last.

We had a severe thunderstorm at Florence, just as we were leaving, but having started early in order to attend to the luggage, we were not out in it. Wednesday afternoon we passed through Parma. Do you remember it was the first Italian city we ever visited, and what a funny old hotel it was there? We reached Milan at 9.30 and went to a hotel in the Cathedral Square, as we wanted to see the church again. As soon as our rooms were secured, we all went over to the Arcade for a little while, knowing it would look finer at night than by day, and also fearing we would not have time to go there in the morning. Yesterday morning, Miss Leggett and I had breakfast at 7.30, and at eight were in the church, admiring its beauty and fine proportions; already there were many people in the church, which was draped, as the fête of Corpus Christi was being celebrated, and a service was in progress in one of the chapels. There we went, and listened to the fine music for a while, and then we mounted to the roof, and took in the exquisite and elaborate work up there. The spires and the statues were more beautiful than I remembered them to be, but we had not long to enjoy them, as trains wait for no man. Downstairs we encountered Alice and Kate and soon we returned to the hotel,

where the 'bus was waiting to take us to the station. We had a most delightful day yesterday. We had a boudoir car, and when we got in we found a gentleman in our compartment, whom we at first took to be English, and who we thought was not very much pleased to see four women with numerous bags invade his sanctuary. However, we paid no attention to him, and presently, after carefully inspecting us, he made the first advances, in the way of some information, and then putting up the window for us. He turned out to be a Russian and a military attaché of Washington, evidently some man of rank and importance, although we did not ascertain his name. He knows James. He was most pleasant and companionable all day, and added much to our enjoyment of the journey. He went on last night, and expected to reach London this p. m.

We had magnificent scenery all day, which you can easily believe when I tell you that we saw Lakes Como, Lugano, Lucerne, and Zug, and had glimpses of snow mountains frequently. We arrived here at nine last night, and found the Victoria Hotel, just across the street from the station, very comfortable indeed. I am, as usual, writing while waiting breakfast for the others, and will mail this to-night at Paris, where we expect to be at six o'clock. We are to send a message to Gertrude, but will tell her not to meet us, as the station is a long distance from their house. Will add a few words on our arrival, and mail in the station if possible.

May the winds and waves be very kind to you,
and bring you to me in good health and spirits.
Am longing to see you.

Your loving wife,

LIZZIE McMILLAN.

Alice and Kate were going to write to you last
night.

PARIS, 6.16.

All safe in Paris. The Lavins and Gertrude
met us. All send love. Adieu.

LIZZIE.



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